National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE American Anti-Slavery Society met at Steinway Hall, in the city of New York, on May 7th, at 10½ o'clock a.m. The President, WENDELL PHILLIPS, occupied the chair. A large number of well-known friends of freedom were upon the platform. The President opened the exercises with the following remarks:

REMARKS OF THE PRESIDENT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY: I congratulate you upon the very encouraging circumstances under which this session of the Society is held. It is now, I think, the thirtieth session that I have had the privilege of attending, and I believe no one of those audiences ever gathered under circumstances of such encouragement as we do. We seem to be on the very eve of the accomplishment of all that the friends of freedom have ever asked of the nation. We stand in an hour when the National council has already indorsed, by its action and by its laws, the whole claim of this Society; that is, the absolute civil and political equality of the colored man under our institutions of government, wherever the flag floats. Not only that, we meet in a moment when the earnest purpose of the nation itself, the thorough, absolute and unquestioned decision of the people themselves, instead of being far behind the national action, is far ahead of it. We are assembled at a time when Congress represents only half the purpose of the nation, and when the action of last Spring, instead of being a finality, is only one step in that direction in which the nation itself is moving. Outside, in the other countries of the world, at this moment, we are told the news that Brazil joins the great brotherhood of free States (applause); not, indeed, by the absolute emancipation of her slaves, but by the first step, under Imperial sanction, in that direction, the State itself consecrating its purpose in the initiation of freedom as the law of the Empire. With our own country all right in the hearts of the people, with the last great stronghold of slavery outside the Republic already doomed, our own ranks assembled here to-day count among them for the first time the distinguished advocate and champion of impartial liberty, Mr. Durant, of New Orleans (cheers), the representative of that new public sentiment and purpose which joins the North in the assertion that absolute justice shall hereafter be the corner-stone of the Republic. Looking at home, we count among our audience to-day the most venerable and devoted of all the original Abolitionists of the first year of the struggle—Lucretia Mott, who is still spared to give her voice for our counsel and her presence for our example. (Loud cheering.) Under such auspices I cannot better welcome you to the session of this, perhaps one of the closing years of the existence of the Society, than to offer every assurance, to join with you in every encouragement, to that final vigilance, that tireless vigilance, which seems to be yet necessary in this last critical hour that shall fix for this generation the status and the rights of the race to whose welfare we have been devoted. The actual war is closed; the war of opinion and politics has commenced. How that shall be decided is the great issue that as yet engages our attention; and we all know that, although the nation is as much alert, as fully vigilant, as thoroughly decided, in this hour, as it ever was in the hour of actual conflict—yet, the moment parties descend to the level of ordinary politics, the watchfulness of some force outside of party, and independent of its temptations, becomes all the more necessary. In opening, therefore, the sessions of this Anniversary, I will invite the Rev. John T. Sargent to begin with prayer.

After prayer by the Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, of Boston, the following hymn, written for the occasion, was sung, Mr. CHARLES L. GUNN leading the singing and Mr. SIGISMOND LASAR presiding at the organ:

PRAYER OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

BY REV. JOHN T. SARGENT.

L. M. TUNE—*Duke Street.*

"How long!—O Lord of Hosts! how long"
Shall we, in peril still, await
This issue between Right and Wrong?—
The opening wide of Freedom's gate?

How long—by wicked, worldly pride,
And by the despot's selfish aim,
Shall suffering Freedmen be denied
The rights which they so justly claim?

Oh! break asunder what remains
Of their old fetters, bolts, and bars,
The remnants of their galling chains,
And heal their many battle scars!

Ope wide, O God! their prison door!
To their oppressors plainly speak!
And, so convince, that they no more
May rule, as tyrants, o'er the weak.

Unseal, anoint unwilling eyes!
Short-sighted purposes reprove!
Make our officials truly wise,
And every "stumbling-block" remove!

Give the oppressed their well-earned meed!
Strike—by Thy lightnings—wholly dumb
The sophistry of selfish greed!—
So may Thy sovereign kingdom come!

The PRESIDENT then read the following abstract of the Treasurer's Report:

Annual account of the American Anti-Slavery Society, from May 1, 1866, to May 1, 1867:

Amount received from subscriptions to THE STANDARD and donations	$10,629 00
Balance from old account	643 33
Amount expended for publication of THE STANDARD and office expenses in New York	9,869 90
Balance to new account	1,402 43

The PRESIDENT then read, for the consideration of the Society, a series of resolutions, which will appear elsewhere.

WENDELL PHILLIPS again addressed the audience in the following words:

ADDRESS BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

In support of the tenor of these resolutions, allow me to occupy a small portion of time this morning. As I said a few moments ago, I regard the present hour, not as the most dangerous, but certainly as one of the most critical in the history of our cause. Meeting as we do, surrounded by a nation thoroughly in earnest in its determination to make absolute justice the law of the land, the only real question which stirs the anxiety of any thoughtful American is, not of the absolute future, the goal to which we are all tending, but it is of the path through which we are to reach that goal. We stand to-day no more certain than we did thirty years ago that this continent and the American nation would in due time recognize justice as the law of its nationality. I do not remember the hour—I never met the Abolitionist who doubted that within a certain time, no man was able to prophesy when, but that in due time the ideas committed to our hands would leaven the whole nation, and that God, the representative of justice and love, would triumph in this great struggle against the selfishness of a race. No man ever doubted that; we were always certain of it, because we always said and believed that God ruled.

The only doubts that rested on our minds were these: One was, whether in this great storm, this conflict of grand principles crashing against each other like giant vessels in a tempest; whether in this conflict the nation should go to pieces; whether there was virtue and nationality and intelligence enough to save the nation in this struggle with so deeply anchored an institution as that of slavery. That was one doubt. I contend that up to the year 1860 no thoughtful man had the materials to decide that doubt. For a long time after 1860 it was a question admitting of a fair argument on both sides—whether the nation could be saved to liberty or only the North. We meet to-day with, I think, that question practically settled. This effort of the Southern aristocracy either to divide the nation or to give color and form to the institutions which govern this belt of the continent is a failure; and, as we humanly speak, it does not admit of a doubt, that the American people have won—have decreed the death of slavery and the life of the nation. (Great applause.) That is one doubt settled. Analyze an American down to the last drop of his blood, and you will find the Fourth Day of July in it (laughter and applause)—and the recognition of one nation as the law of the continent.

Well, there is another doubt relieved. We not only are certain as a people that this nation is to survive, but I think we are certain, humanly speaking, of another thing; and that is that this generation of Americans—this generation have made up their minds definitely, taught by the war, learning its lesson written in blood—that absolute justice and entire ignorance, in the law, of all races shall be the law of the Union. From the Lakes down to the Gulf there is to be no white man and no black in the eye of American law. (Applause.) No matter what parties have decided, no matter what local aristocracies may cling to, no man can look into the face of the people, from Maine to Missouri, from Maryland to Michigan, without being absolutely certain that, with no distinctions of party worth mentioning, the body of the people are sound on this question. So true is it, that from New England back to Iowa, it is no longer a distinction between Republicans and Democrats; that is not the line. The only line running to-day among the masses of the people is, loyal and rebel. There is nothing else. Parties prevail at Washington: they do not prevail among the people. The Democrat of the Northwest is either substantially a Republican on the issues of the war, or he is a rebel. You can test him the moment you see him. He may not know where he belongs. It is a transition period. Men do not know their normal condition. We have not yet settled down into a recognition of the present attitude of public affairs. But any man going about with the test of this question and the experience of thirty years in trying the people, will be aware, I think, that the Democratic party, as such, does not exist; that the real Democracy of the country, in the old acceptation of the term, is, one portion of it, ready to float back into a *quasi* connection with the dominant idea, and the other to float off into what may be considered the lingering rebeldom of the land. Those two points, to my mind, are settled. We meet to-day with all that ground behind us.

Under such circumstances, what is our duty? Well, friends, I think this audience represents the indispensable element in all republican governments, especially in such hours as these. It represents, was always intended to represent, and to-day represents more essentially than it ever did, the great, independent public opinion outside of and independent of party organizations. In the theory of republics there must always be parties. There must always be and there always will be certain men created, it would seem, only to manage available results, to trade principle for immediate success, to manage men, to descend to the bargain and truckle, to the bicker and huckstering of a political level. And outside of that, by indispensable necessity, there must always be a body of men with no party to save, with no candidate to elect, with no personal aggrandizement in view, with no platform to peril, with no fear of compromise, with no object but to educate the people up to its duty. (Applause.) It was in this point of view that Abraham Lincoln said so often during the war, "If this government is saved it will be saved by the people," because he recognized, as every man must have done during the war, that for a time the emergency of public affairs was so great that public anxiety crushed party, and every man flung himself into the great corps of watchmen to see that a principle was not sacrificed.

That was the era of battle. We are falling back now into the era of politics. We are approaching 1868. The XLth Congress can be nothing, attend to nothing, discuss nothing, devote itself to nothing but the making of a President. We have touched that goal where hereafter all the debates, all the action, all the marshalling of men and majorities in these two Houses will have but one object—that is the making of a President. Every man familiar with politics knows that the Congress which meets before a Presidential election is, like a cockboat, absorbed into the great maelstorm of the national action in that issue. Now, at such a moment more especially, more than ever of late, there is one thing needed—that is a body of men that have no President to elect, no candidate to carry, no party to watch, no personal affairs to be jeopardied, whose total and only anxiety is that the institutions of the nation shall really cover the principle indispensable to its life. (Applause.) That is where you and I are to stand in the next two years. Some men seem to think that because a military bill has received the sanction of large majorities in Congress, and seems to receive the endorsement of Southern men themselves, therefore we may in a measure relax the vigilance which has hitherto been our duty, and give up to politics on that level the special race to whose interests and welfare we have been devoted. On the contrary, it seems to me that the moment has come when in those walls of Congress, Stevens, Sumner, Kelley and that class of men, are for a time to be put aside and checkmated by the managers of the party—the men who go outside over the country to secure its seeming success. A real Republican success would be a blessing at a moment like this. The election of a man, every drop of whose blood had thrilled every hour in the war with the real struggle through which the nation was passing—the election of such a man to the Executive, the crowning action of the people, putting by the side of Congress the representative of the absolute purpose of the masses—a man if not with the name then with the heart of Thaddeus Stevens in the White House (applause)—a man who seems to have lived to that hour when he acts no longer from the promptings of ambition, but solely from the biddings of duty—such a man in the white House would allow us to rest on our arms, to relax our vigilance, to come to the conclusion that the whole machine of government was alive with the great purpose of the people.

But in the meantime, if you walk about among politicians, you will find that their purpose is not to risk the chances of the party on any such positive individual. They know and acknowledge the necessity of a ripe statesmanship, of a decided and unqualing purpose in the White House; but they recognize before that, the great party rule that they are to secure the success of the party, no matter at what sacrifice, for the time being, of principle. And the consequence is, we are to see this great question made for the coming eighteen months the foot-ball of party organizations. There is where our vigilance comes in. There is where I think we are to put aside all this milk and water conciliation, all this forgetting of the lessons of thirty years, which men counsel us to follow, and to bring to the front again the frank speech, the hewing to the line, no matter what chips fly into our faces; the merciless criticism and remorseless judgment which characterized the Anti-Slavery movement for thirty years and secured its success.

There are only two parties to be trusted to-day. There are only two parties whose past history entitles them to confidence to-day; one is the Radicals of the North (applause)—the men that have no idea, no purpose, no plan, no plot but just this, to tear up by the roots, extracting every fibre and killing every twig of that odious oligarchy which has poisoned the nation for the last century (applause)—that class of men that would not only clean the Constitution itself, but the halls of Congress and the halls of every State Legislature of the very last remnant of caste and of a white man's government. (Applause.) And the only other force in this government that deserves a moment's confidence is the exiled loyal white blood of the South (applause)—the men that risked their lives there for the flag while the war was pending, and when a traitor took the command of the Union, left the unsafe streets of their own cities to bring to the North their testimony that the white man, as well as the black, claimed of the nation absolute justice for himself, his wife, his children, his property—for his rights had no security south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Those two elements are the right hand and the left on which the course of the government is to rest in times to come. Now, I know that in the delight, in the exultant triumph over our victory, we have been accustomed to go backward and throw a mantle over all the scenes of the great elements of American society for the last thirty years. We have said "let by-gones be by-gones!" and let us walk together right onward in the execution of the nation's purpose, and that is right. Unless to point a moral for the present, it is of no use to dig up the scenes of the past. But when the nation stands as it does to-day, in danger of bartering its security for hero-worship, then, in order to impress on politicians and time-servers their responsibility in this momentous hour, we are to remind them, show them that the nation does not forget the sinful position and responsibility of the same classes ten or fifteen years ago. We are to remember without bitterness, but as a fact of history, that it was to the Henry Clay Whig; the timid and trading so-called Anti-Slavery politicians of Congress; it was to the church members; to the New York *Observer* and the American Tract Society class; it was the men who professed principle and practiced trade; who professed the Gospel and practiced infidelity (applause)—that the guilt of the blood of this five years of war is to be traced. (Great applause.) It is not the Southern slaveholder. It is not the Douglas Democrat or the Breckinridge traitor that is guilty in the first rank of the blood of this rebellion. It is the Christian, so called, of the American church. It is the Whig, as he vaunted himself as anti-slavery as the most outspoken Abolitionist. It is the men that said "Ay! ay!" and did nothing. It is the men that said, "I go, sir," and went not. It is their skirts that are heavy and stiff with the blood of Andersonville and Gettysburg.

I know that I am going back ten years to the habit of the Anti-Slavery cause in times past. I feel to-day that we need it. We need it in order to remind the politicians that stand in Congress and bid us not to impeach the President, because we shall jeopard the Republican party; we need it in order to remind the pulpit, that tells us not in an undue and ill-timed Radicalism to disturb the good intention of the majority of the Senate and House; we need it in order to remind the Wilsons, the Shermans, the Fessendens, the Bankses, that if another rebellion ever breaks out, if another drop of blood is ever shed in this quarrel, if another hard-earned dollar is ever exacted from the hands of American industry in this fight, it will be because they allowed the traitor in the White House to insult and baulk the purposes of the nation and to go unwhipped of justice. (Applause.) It is because they allowed the crowning traitor of the whole to linger for months in the right hand of the government at Fortress Monroe and write out the record, which the next time that a man plots to bathe this continent in blood and break its Union asunder, he can point to—the record of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, and say, "If I fail in the enterprise, I shall not hang on the gallows, but be honored by the toleration and the respect of a large share of the American people." (Applause.)

Men, who ought to know better, meet me on the public platform and ask me by what right, when the white men of the South have submitted to that Military bill and sworn to support it, I, in the face of the American people, still entertain doubts of the safety of the negro? And I am thought uncharitable that I answer that I know a man, resident to-day under the flag of the nation in the Old Dominion, Robert E. Lee, the chivalrous gentleman, the model patriot, the honest Christian—yes, all these epithets endorsed and sanctioned by the apostle of the pulpit in the North—Robert E. Lee, steeped to the lips in oaths to the United States Constitution; he kept them all religiously in 1861, until he had learned every secret of Gen. Scott, and then carried them all to the headquarters of Jefferson Davis; and after that—after that—after a hundred oaths heaped on the head of the Christian of Virginia, according to Ward Beecher—(laughter)—and all broken, the moment he was in a condition to break them advantageously, we are asked to take stock in the belief of the validity of a white man's oath in Virginia. (Laughter and applause.)

Friends, I know this is not an Anti-Slavery speech of the model of the last two years. But when men tell me that they are going to nominate Gen. Grant for President, because if they don't take him the Democrats will, it is time to talk as we used to in 1850. (Applause.) Time was when the country seemed to be advancing so fast, and so harmoniously forward that we might seem to be at liberty to forget the lessons of thirty years; but with the politicians of the present about me, with the Senate of the United States, bartering principle for patronage, with Sherman and Fessenden, the practical leaders of that body, bartering the leadership of their party for family advancement; the Senate bought up by the Executive, which it won't impeach because it says he is crippled; in such a day as that, whoever has his tongue gagged, whoever chooses his language on the law of a modern conciliation, I do not. (Loud applause.) I consider it time that we should tell the South, in the language of the old Anti-Slavery disbelief, that we put no confidence either in oaths or parchments; that we leave no guarantee untouched; that we will believe the negro safe when we see him with forty acres under his foot, the school-house behind him, a ballot in his right hand, the sceptre of the Federal government over his head, and no State government to interfere with him until more than one half of the white men of the Southern States are in their graves. (Applause.)

I will tell you my faith. I do not believe God ever converts an adult generation. I do not believe in the efficacy of battle or a few cannon on the wrong side in changing the life-long opinions of a man like Jeff Davis or Wade Hampton. I believe, as all history shows, that adult men in the mass go to their graves with the opinions to which they have been wedded during most of their lives. Believing that, knowing that all history proves it, I want no evidence to-day but that of the general principle, that one half at least of the white men of the Southern States are rebel to-day in heart and in purpose. I do not care where you find them; it may be on the outskirts of the nation plotting against it; it may be on the platform with colored men at Richmond, Atlanta and Nashville—they are rebels at heart. I want no man's evidence of it. I have lived half a century and I know human nature. I know that fifty years of war would not convert Massachusetts from the belief that all men are created equal. (Applause.) I never will believe that five years of defeat have converted South Carolina from the belief that all men are unequal. One half of the white men of the South to-day hate this Union, and have no purpose in life but to bide their time when they can strike a fatal blow at its life. The women of the South, hardly an exception, with the mothers and formers of the rising generation, hate this Union with a bitter hatred. The jewel of liberty is given into the hands of the people of the North; and their only allies in its defense are the persecuted and hunted white Unionists of the South, and the negro. The leading brains of those States, the men who have manipulated their political life for a quarter of a century, hate the Union; and it will be a miracle if within the next thirty years they do not find an opportunity to strike a blow at its life. I do not fear them. (Applause.) I never did. (Applause.) The whole North can despise them. Either half of it can despise them. (Applause.) A million of Jeff Davises! A million of Wade Hamptons! I could take them up in my right hand and fling them into the great Northwest, boiling with energy and liberty; I could drop them into New England all aglow with human brotherhood, and the mass would not color the current of either section. (Applause.) There is energy enough in the Northeast or in the Northwest to digest a million of Jeff Davises before breakfast. (Laughter and applause.) In the language of the prophets, there is only a hiding of our power. The reserve force of Northern intelligence and Northern conscience is more than double what we require. All we need is to marshal it in the right path and to keep on the alert. All we need is to guard it against the glozing words, the overkind interpretations of certain men, all hearts and no heads—of certain men who have hearts enough to take in the whole world, and not heads enough to contemplate a moment after the present.

What we are to guard against is the inexperience of new converts. There are two classes of Abolitionists, two corps, two divisions of the great army of men moving forward, all earnest in their desire to abolish slavery. There are two great divisions in this army, both of them equally honest; but one has been converted within the last five or fifteen years. That division has drifted into the cause when it had great followers, when it was measurably respectable, when it was heard of in the halls of Congress, when the opposition was careful what tone it assumed towards it. They are the converts of the last dozen years. But there is a division unlike them, that has been through the storm and conflict of the last thirty years, that looked upon the hideous face of slavery itself when it revealed all of its ugliness, with no fear of any element in the nation that could rebuke it; a set of men who knew and learned what slavery was, standing around the grave of Lovejoy; a set of men who learned what the Slave Power was when riot and bloodshed ruled the seacoast from Philadelphia to Portland, when no man was safe in his own house, and when the devil showed all his proportions, because the nation called him a saint. (Laughter.) But the converts of the modern day have seen the devil only in the disguise of an angel of light. These men advise you as if the slaveowners were your mistaken brethren, erring christians, benevolently intentioned men, who were only thrown out of gear by the intemperance of their opponents, and with as full a sense of justice as ourselves. We recognize in him a man just as sincere as we are. Wade Hampton is just as honest as I am from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. Not a drop of his blood—there has not been, in his body for thirty years, that did not believe utterly the devilish theory that God made him with spurs, and put a bridle in the negro's mouth for him to ride; not a drop of his blood today that does not honestly believe that when he opposed the principles of the Declaration of Independence he was doing God service—not one. He is not mistaken in his own idea. He is an honest, devilish man of faith. (Laughter.) The only element in the moral world is the man of conviction, and the only force worth minding is the man who believes. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand never had a belief. Now and then there comes along a man, all corners, and the world crystalizes around him. The whole negative, indifferent, equivocal human world about him crystallizes in his shape. Calhoun was such a man in positive, indomitable, undoubting, dogged faith in his own infallible rightness, and the whole South crystalized around him. It was an organism of which he was the heart, an animal life of which he was the head.

The North was like it. Twenty years ago there came among us a man with the same dogged, indomitable, irresistible faith in the rightness of his ideas, and the papers, and the pulpits, and the milk and water politicians crystalized around him in due time. The North became an organism, of which he was the heart and head, and Abraham Lincoln became the hand, and God flung it like a thunderbolt against the South and crushed it. That man was the originator and pioneer of the movement which we meet to-day to celebrate. The only thing for us in the future is to walk on the same line, to obey the same reasoning, and to maintain the same functions towards the people, to bear witness, to record sin, to rebuke mistakes and show their inevitable consequences. We stand here to-day to tell the people without fear and without favor, without compromise and without concealment, to preach from the housetops what the editors of New York journals utter in their editorial rooms, but do not print in their columns. This Society is nothing but a great spy upon the American people. The millions of America, led by their parties and by their editors, are masquerading in the disguise of a profession which no man believes. There is not a Republican to-day that does not know in his own soul, and that will not confess it in his own private chamber, that if he puts Grant at the head of this republic he is a traitor to Gettysburg and to Andersonville. Not one. Not a journal will print this fact, not a pulpit will speak it; and we are needed for this—to flare in the face of the American people the rebuke of its own conscience, giving the lie to its own lips.

There is a new scene coming upon us in the great political drama. The great maelstrom of the Presidential election, which closes every politician's lips and buys up every politician's conscience, opens to us a new door of duty. Here we are, but not alone. We send our voices to the great North and to the great East, and to the great West, and every earnest man watches us and works with us. We are not the army, God forbid! we are only a little corps—a small advance guard; but the great body of the honest and earnest people are behind us. There is the father who sent his four sons to the war; there is the mother who gave up her youngest to the conflict; there is the household from which the head was taken; there is the poverty-stricken home, and there the comfortless hearth, there the agonized heart—all are there in the background, the great American people, among the graves of their lost beloved, ashamed of some of their leaders, but all determined that, whether the nation punishes or not, it will at least crush every obstacle, and that in due time, with proper assistance and under the lead of honest men in our day, it will guard the cradles of this generation effectually from ever fighting these horrible battles over again. (Applause.)

The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" ("John Brown" song) was sung by Mr. CHARLES T. GUNN, the audience joining in the chorus.

SPEECH OF COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I remember that, when John Brown said to me before his death that he thought the time for Anti-Slavery speaking had gone by, I know that those words from his lips had the effect to silence mine for years; for it seemed that unless one could speak as none can speak, nothing but action was worthy of the friends of John Brown. Now that the time for such action as his has passed by, it seems strange for one to whom the Anti-Slavery platform was a University to tread again with timid footsteps these consecrated boards. It seems as if some great flood had swept over all the nation, and this were the Ararat to which, by some strange success, we had attained. I remember that an old colored woman in South Carolina, when asked by an officer in my regiment how old she was—a question they can seldom answer—said, removing the little black pipe which the old crone had in her mouth as she sat in passiveness by the cabin door, "I tell you the truth, Massa; in the first earthquake, I was then fourteen." I feel as if the last earthquake had come and passed, and we were here. What words are sufficient before the sudden strangeness of this salvation? Who among us, Abolitionists, dreamed, twenty years ago, of attending an Anti-Slavery anniversary after slavery itself should be dead? (Applause.)

I recognize, as I have always recognized, the positions taken by this Society as the directing influence of the future of American politics. As this Society has been foremost in the past, it will still be so in the future. It has been strange to me to see the enormous accession, which this Society needs, from the very quarter where, at one time, we should have least expected it, from the great phalanx of the returned soldiers of the North. To speak to a meeting of soldiers is like speaking to a meeting of Abolitionists. Asking you to sustain the most advanced Anti-Slavery principles, is asking only that which a meeting of Northern soldiers would sustain. Mr. Phillips has spoken of Gen. Grant as if he thought him a dangerous power in American politics. I have heard the name of Gen. Grant fall dead in a convention of soldiers, at a time when Gen. Grant was suspected of sustaining Mr. Johnson. Mr. Beecher's name was not received with more indifference for a moment among his church-members, than was Gen. Grant's by those soldiers. And that proves that this nation has come out of the war as no nation ever before came out of a great conflict, with its principles more powerful than its leaders. The nation is ready to drop its dearest leader when that leader even seems false to the nation's faith. (Applause.) I trust, therefore, that this Society, while it lives, will be faithful to its most advanced standard, secure in the future, as in the past, that the nation is to follow.

I trust it was only an accident—perhaps it was a defect in my hearing—that, in the reading of the resolutions, my ear somehow missed the one word which, it seems to me, is to do more than any other to solve the problem of the South, the one word which it was necessary that the veteran Stevens should remind the impulsive Wilson that he had forgotten, the word "confiscation." Seeing the negro as I have, and knowing how overhopeful are the advantages which some of our friends are disposed to build upon merely endowing him with political power, I see that the time will come, if it has not yet, when the nation must recognize that even political power does not confer safety when it is conferred upon a race of landless men. (Applause.) The negro—how well in most respects had the Abolitionist seen him! how little in all respects did the slaveholder know about him! We are told now that the negro will surely fall under the influence of those who best understand him, the whites of the South. It is not that I fear. It is not their understanding of him. They never understood him. A month in a colored regiment ought to teach any man more of the character of the negro than any slaveholder that ever lived could learn in a lifetime; because the officer sees him as a man, the slaveholder only as a chattel. I remember that, when the officers first came to take positions in a colored regiment, they knew about as little of the freedmen as the freedmen knew of them; and that was often very little. An old man once came with his son from the mainland into our camp; and while the officers talked with the father, the little boy was looking curiously about the white men, and at last, stealing up behind his father, he said, "Daddy, old Massa always say the white men had tails, and I don't see any tail!" So the white men that went down to take charge of the freedmen, either as agents for the government or as officers, at first seemed to have the impression that they had tails; but, after a month, especially of military command, when they saw the man grow from the chattel before their eyes, it transformed their appreciation of him.

And, while it gave them unbounded trust in the instincts of the negro, and made them sure that he would always, if instinct alone would guide, be true, in peace as in war, still they must have seen much—at least, I know of one who did—to make them sadly feel that that child-like race was entering upon a sphere of life where mere instinct was not enough. Instinct could lead them, through the woods; instinct could guide them to our camp; instinct could tell them who their friends were; and when a musket was put into their hands, could tell them which was the right end of it. But instinct alone will not save a man from the caucus. Falstaff said that instinct was a great matter; but Falstaff had never been to an American political meeting. There are qualities in the negro which make even suffrage in his hands no safety to him unless something more than suffrage stands behind it to sustain him.

We cannot judge of the political condition and promise of the negro by a meeting in Charleston, or a meeting in Savannah. We hear from the cities, the places where they are strong and enlightened, the places where they know what Republicanism is, and are all Republicans. They are together, and dare to call their souls their own. But the governing votes of a nation do not come from the great cities; they come from the rural districts, from the accumulated strength of a few voters here and a few there. It is in the small communities, and not in the cities, that the danger of the negro in the future lies. He distrusts his own race. He does not trust his former master; but he trusts any other white man, and especially any Northern white man. He has no power of cohesion for any long effort. From his ignorance and confidingness comes the danger of reaction when his confidence is gone. It is hard to make him trust men of his own race at first. I remember when the black soldiers spurned the orders of their black corporals and sergeants; though at last they learned to take pride in obeying. They would obey a white man because he was white, while they shrunk from obeying men of their own color. It was strange to see how those degraded creatures, who had only known the white man as an enemy, and who recognized him as such, still had a veneration for some supposed standard which must exist among white men—some standard of knowledge and virtue to which they had not attained. A man came to me once to defend himself, in the regiment which I commanded, against some charge. Said he, indignantly, "I ain't got colored man principles; I'se got white gentleman principles; I knows what's right. If Cap'n tell me lay hold of a man, I lays hold of him until I drop." That was his idea of white principles—to do as he was bid, and to do the thing thoroughly. That sense of deference to white men leads them first to distrust men of their own color.

And then, all the colored men are not to be trusted as leaders, to guide and direct that ignorant race. The natural leaders of the colored men of the South are their clergymen. The best colored men of the South, and the worst, are to be found among their clergy—the worst morally, because the most ready to use their power for unrighteous purposes; the worst, because they claim to be the best. We often hear it said, I think by those without experience, that there is no such thing as a black traitor at the South. I wish I had never met with one. Do you suppose black men are born into the world such natural saints that none of the vices of white men are ever to be found among them? I have seen black men who were distrusted among all their fellows, who had a brand put upon them, whom the others would not associate with, whom the others did not wish to have enlist in the ranks with them, because they knew them to be false. They called them "secesh niggers." When, on one occasion, I took command of the post in Jacksonville, in Florida—Jacksonville was one of the posts that had been taken and deserted by our troops once or twice every year, where every man took the oath of allegiance as often as he swore any other oath, which is saying a good deal—I knew an old black man belonging to the town, a man of superior ability and fine personal appearance, respected by all the white people there, rejoicing in the name of Romeo, Scipio, or some such grand name, I have forgotten what. I was warned by a dozen different Florida men in my regiment that that man was a traitor. At last he was drafted into another regiment, and he deserted to the enemy, across the lines, the first chance he got.

You may tell me those men are few. They are very few; but it does not need a great many men for misleaders, not many men to divide and break up the counsels of those engaged in a political contest. And here I point out a third cause of difficulty with the negro, besides his distrust of his own people and the frequent unworthiness of his leaders—the tendency of the negro in the South to division and infinite subdivision of parties and organizations. We know how it has been too often in the North, among associations of colored men. There is not a colored man here who does not know organizations of colored men before the war that were first broken into halves, then into quarters, and then into little bits so infinitessimal that there was no counting or measuring them. I saw that same tendency among the colored people of the South. Mutual distrust first weakened, then broke apart, and then subdivided more and more. It comes partly from ignorance. There may be also something in the constitutional temperament. I remember an organization among the colored soldiers for literary purposes, which went to pieces finally because the president of the organization became indignant and sent in his resignation. The secretary was absent at the meeting at which it was received, and there was no other man in the society who knew the meaning of the word "resignation." They all concluded

(Continued on the Third Page.)

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston, at the Melodeon, on Wednesday, May 29th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. The speakers engaged are Messrs. WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES L. REMOND, AARON M. POWELL, PARKER PILLSBURY, WM. WELLS BROWN, COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, Rev. Mr. CONNOR, and others, to be hereafter announced.

The friends of this Convention and of Human Rights feel that there are greater motives than ever to increased effort and earnest pleading on account of the complicated condition of our national affairs and the still holding in suspense of the Rights of the colored race.

By order of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. JOHN T. SARGENT, Pres.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, Rec. Sec.

THE STANDARD—VOL. XXVIII.

THE STANDARD enters upon its twenth-eighth volume with an increased and an increasing subscription list, with many expressions of cordial good will accompanying the renewal remittances from its friends, in this country and abroad, with an influence in public affairs, as affecting the destiny of the negro, greater, we may safely say, than it has achieved at any former period. Nearing the political temptations and dangers of the presidential campaign, THE STANDARD, in the important year before it, will continue, as hitherto, independent of party alliances, vigilant and watchful that, as between contending parties, the negro be not defrauded of equal political rights, of educational and industrial opportunities, and of those fundamental guarantees which the nation owes for the protection of his freedom. While the political press is ready to sacrifice the negro to party interests and emergencies, and the religious journals, with a few honorable exceptions, are silent or indifferent as to the perils which threaten his liberty in the near future, THE STANDARD, with no party to serve, and no creed to defend, will, as hitherto, freely and fearlessly arraign and expose the compromising and treacherous manœuvring of politicians, and stir up the indifferent and the faithless to preach the gospel of full deliverance to the captive.

We are happy to announce that the present year, as during that just closed, THE STANDARD will have the services of WENDELL PHILLIPS as Special Editorial Contributor. We need not say that the contributions of Mr. Phillips have greatly augmented the influence and usefulness of this journal during the past year. Large as is his audience as an orator, his contributions to THE STANDARD have reached a still larger one. Extending beyond our own readers, they have been echoed and re-echoed in many journals North, South, East and West. Our Boston and Philadelphia correspondence, our Washington correspondence (during the session of Congress), and our letters from Paris, will be continued as hitherto. We expect also to be able to present some valuable additional foreign correspondence, and to have the occasional aid of eminent writers who have not hitherto contributed to our columns.

In this connection, we again invite attention to the liberal premium, generously donated by a friend, for the largest number of subscribers secured for THE STANDARD by any one for the current year, and remind those who are competing for it, and others who may incline to enter the list, that the present is a most opportune period for adding to their numbers, and to serve both THE STANDARD and themselves by increasing its subscription list. We shall also be happy to send to any one remitting, for two new subscribers, $6, or renewing a subscription and remitting for one new subscriber, a copy of WENDELL PHILLIPS'S SPEECHES AND LECTURES, a handsome volume, containing 562 pages, with a steel portrait of Mr. Phillips. We are sending out every week a considerable number of these desirable books. We invite each one of our subscribers to make the slight effort requisite to procure for us one new subscriber, and by so much help to increase THE STANDARD'S influence and usefulness in this important transition period in the nation's history.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY—THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

WE devote a large portion of our space this week to the proceedings of the XXXIVth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The Society has never held a meeting of more commanding interest to the general public, or of greater importance as related to the freedom and future destiny of the colored race. Many of the early Anti-Slavery men and women from different parts of the country were in attendance, and the addresses were eminently well suited to the demands of the hour.

As we pass from month to month at a greater distance in time from the battle-field and the exciting experiences of the war, the relative value of the peculiar service to the nation rendered by the American Anti-Slavery Society increases. Politicians of each school are returning to their old ways. The rebel Democratic party, wedded as formerly to oppression and all manner of iniquity, seeks by hypocritical professions of friendship for the negro to win his vote for present use, ultimately to place him, when "State sovereignty" shall have been again achieved, under class rule. The Republican party is absorbed largely with the thought of the succession in the presidency, willing to barter principles, as offices, for the gratification of party and personal ambition. Men of good impulses, of whom Horace Greeley is a representative, continue to see as "the South," the old ruling white class, and to seek a well intended but foolish and mischievous "conciliation" rather than justice and adequate protection for the still dependent and exposed blacks and loyal whites. What Wilson and others of his type did at Philadelphia to blunt the edge and modify the tone of the radical Southern loyalists in the supposed interest of the Northern State elections, that Messrs. Greeley, Wilson & Co. are now attempting on a larger scale by "conciliation," and promised readmission, to promote the Republican chances in the approaching presidential election. We denounce the mischievous attempts of these kind-hearted men as short-sighted and blundering in policy, and as demoralizing to the people so far as they are influential in vitiating the radical opinion and purpose of the loyal masses generated by the teachings of the Abolitionists and by the disciplinary experiences of the war. It is this wretched caricature of statesmanship which has prevented the impeachment and deposition of the present treasonable usurper of the presidential chair. It was the same thing which gave the Republican nomination for the vice-presidency to Andrew Johnson, instead of Hannibal Hamlin. An imminent danger of the present period is that a continuation of the Greeley-Republican management will result in giving the next presidency to Gen. Grant, a man of doubtful opinions, if any, and whose personal habits, with reference to intemperance, are, it is said, little if any better than Johnson's. With such a turn in public affairs, which only the utmost radical vigilance can prevent, freedom for the negro will have been only partially achieved, and that which has been gained very inadequately secured. Another noticeable aspect of public affairs is the subsiding of the religious press of the country, with few exceptions, to its old level of creeds and mere denominational interests, and a corresponding modification in the tone of the pulpit, abandoning the course of justice and freedom as embodied in the great national problem to reckless, conscienceless, trading politicians.

In this transition period with the negro from chattelism to a guaranteed political equality, with the present "conciliatory" tendency in political management, and the practical abandonment of his cause by the pulpit and religious press, the urgent necessity for the continued and increased vigilance of the American Anti-Slavery Society, until the battle be completely won, is apparent. That this feeling is fully shared by those whom we represent, was evident by the large numerical attendance at the late meeting, in spite of the usual threatening and falling clouds, and the deep earnestness which characterized the proceedings of the several sessions. Greatly encouraged and strengthened by its past triumphs and successes, which are without a parallel in the history of any organization in this country, the Society will press onward with renewed determination, confident of ultimate entire victory in gaining for the negro emancipation, education, due social recognition, a homestead, and a political equality which shall be guaranteed in the fundamental law of the land.

GEN. ROUSSEAU'S CONFIRMATION.

THE letter which Gen. Rousseau has addressed to the New York *Times*, criticizing my lecture at Brooklyn, gives me an opportunity to repeat what I said there with more emphasis and exactness.

In regard to his military record, I neither know nor care anything. Whatever its merits, neither the report nor the denial of them had ever reached my ear. On that subject I am willing to take his certificates as genuine and trustworthy. The only thing I ever heard of him was that, like a coward, he struck Grinnell for words spoken in debate. This is the only thing that gives him any significance with the general public. There are crimes so grave that they lift the most insignificant into temporary importance, and drag the loftiest down to infamy.

In my lecture at Brooklyn I did not mention Gen. Rousseau on account of any importance that attaches to him personally; but simply to express my opinion of the action of the Senate in his case. I called him "cowardly," because Brooks's attack on Sumner and his on Grinnell are, to me, sufficient proof of cowardice in each of them.

This crime of attacking members of Congress for words spoken in debate has been far too leniently treated. It is a crime of the gravest importance. While slavery existed, brutalizing the white race of the South, it could not, perhaps, have been prevented. Having got rid of one great and the angriest cause, we should now root out this cowardly rowdyism altogether.

Resolutions of censure are idle. Every member being obliged to attend carefully, each morning, to the condition of his revolver before he enters either the House or Senate, is a disgrace to the nation, and makes Congress a Hall of Bullies.

I think there is only one effectual method to prevent this crime. Let such be the unvarying action of Congress itself, that any man who resorts to this violence may be *thoroughly assured* that when he so lifts his hand he *commits political suicide;* that his *public career is closed;* that, in no circumstances, under no pressure of friendly appeal or evidence of public service, will the Senate ever confirm him for a public office, or the House vote one dollar to pay him for any alleged public service. Let, beside, a special statute make him forever incapable of voting or holding office. Such an offender should be ever after *civilly dead.* Then no bully will allow himself, and no drunkard will be allowed by his friends, thus to insult Congress and disgrace the nation.

There is a particular fitness in demanding this action of Congress. The punishment is inflicted by the virtue of the body disgraced, and it reaches its victim in the exact spot where he is generally most sensitive, his selfishness and his ambition. Instead of this, Rousseau disgraces the Capitol and sins against the first principles of our institutions; yet, within a year, the Senate gives him a position *for life*, with large salary and great opportunities. What more could be done to tempt others to follow his example? Every member who voted for his confirmation did all the opportunity allowed to keep up and foster this crime. Gen. Rousseau names many men as aiding in his confirmation. I have no evidence that any one of them is justly liable to the reproach he thus brings against them. If they are, then surely they are too ignorant or too unfaithful for their places; and if I were a member of the Senate, I would never vote to confirm any one of them for any office whatever. In this matter the accessory is as bad as the actor. What a contemptible mass the herd of Senators of whom the Executive bought this confirmation! "fouling their own nest" in this scramble "for loaves and fishes."

The better the man, and the greater his public services, the more striking and impressive would be the lesson of his rejection. If Rousseau's military record had been as bright and spotless as that of Wadsworth or of Sedgwick, if his civil career had been side by side with Stevens, his rejection, on the ground I name, would have been all the more deserved and done all the more good. If he were what Grinnell described him (I never read the debate), he could not be low enough to allow the Senate to excuse him from this punishment. Neither a man's insignificance nor his importance should shield him from this fate.

Freedom of debate is sacred. If a member cannot answer arguments or disprove facts, he must submit to them. If mere abuse is heaped on him, silence is his answer. Abuse received in silence harms only the speaker; and only a child, unfit for office, lets it make him the slave of his passions.

This occasion is the proper one for another remark. In my lecture at Brooklyn I noticed the absence of Senator Wilson when Rousseau's case was voted on, and said it was unjustifiable. Mr. Wilson writes me that his absence was unavoidable, and justified on two grounds.

1. Illness in his family obliged him to leave Washington. I am sure the public will give to this excuse all the weight it deserves.

2. He excuses himself on the ground that he was "paired off." I hope the public will give this excuse all the weight it deserves, which is—*just none at all.*

No Senator has a right to "pair off" on important questions. We send a man there, not only for his vote, but for his presence and influence in debate. Unless inevitably called away, he is bound personally to watch, and, with his whole soul and strength, resist disastrous measures.

Gen. Rousseau alludes to the fact that Iowa has left Grinnell out of her Congressional delegation. To the utter and damning disgrace of that State, this is true. She enjoys the bad eminence of being the first free State that ever thus publicly indorsed a Southerner's insult to one of her Representatives. If I lived on her soil, I should make one effort to raze out this stain, and if I failed, quit the spaniel State forever.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has obtained a "ticket of leave" from prison, with Horace Greeley and others as his bondsmen!

SLAVERY has been abolished in Brazil with a conditional lease for twenty years.

WE have received from Boston several additional copies of the LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN, edited by RICHARD D. WEBB, of Dublin, which we shall be happy to send to any of our readers who may wish to possess that very valuable book,—price $1,25

WE have on hand a letter from our Paris correspondent, together with several other communications and a large amount of interesting matter, which we are obliged to defer till the next and later issues.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

AMONG the numerous organizations which held anniversary meetings in this city last week were the following:

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The second anniversary of the National Temperance Society and Publication House was celebrated at the Reformed Dutch church, Fulton street, corner of William street, on the 7th inst. The receipts for the year were $25,462. Publications, nearly three million pages. Circulation of the *Advocate* 7,000, and of the *Banner* 34,000 monthly. A public meeting was held in the evening, at Cooper Institute. Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D., Rev. Dr. Hopkins, President of Williams College, Wendell Phillips, and others, addressed the meeting.

THE AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting at the Church of the Puritans, on Thursday and Friday morning and evening. The chair was occupied, at different times, by Robert Purvis, Esq., Lucretia Mott, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The sessions were well attended. Among the speakers were Rev. Samuel J. May, Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Col. Moss, of Missouri, Parker Pillsbury, Ernestine L. Rose, Major Haggerty, Henry Ward Beecher, George T. Downing, Sojourner Truth, and others.

UNIVERSAL PEACE SOCIETY.—This Society met at Masonic Hall, on Thursday, Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, in the chair. The attendance was moderate, the discussions earnest. Among the speakers were Henry C. Wright, L. K. Jocelyn, Jeremiah Hacker, Lucretia Mott, Dr. R. T. Hallock, E. H. Heywood, E. D. Culver, and others. The Society voted to meet again in Boston, in October next.

MRS. SOUTHWICK'S EUNERAL.

EXTRACT of a private letter from Miss CAROLINE F. PUTNAM to Miss HOLLEY:

The day was bright and comfortable. The services began a little after 2 o'clock, when the train came from Boston. Mrs. Chapman, Miss Mary Chapman, Miss Deborah Weston, Mrs. Dall, Mr. and Mrs. May, Mrs. Charlotte Joy, Adin Ballou, Mr. Garrison and Geo. Thompson, beside the family relatives (Sewalls, Philbricks), were here.

Mr. Ballou spoke first—read selected Scripture. Then Mr. Garrison spoke very fully of Mrs. Southwick's courage in those early days when the Anti-Slavery cause was more indebted to women than to men. He spoke of her hospitality when the friends came from a distance with just money to get to Boston and back to their homes. How Mrs. Southwick's house was a *hotel* and how when a foreigner was here, hunted like a fugitive slave, he was taken in and kept for weeks.

George Thompson spoke of her goodness and kindness to him, when she was to him "God manifest in the flesh." George Bradburn spoke. Wendell Phillips sent out a letter by Miss Chapman. She handed it to Miss Southwick after the funeral services were through at the house. Miss Southwick says she would like to have had it read, if it had been given her in time. I copy it for you.

"My dear friends: Accept my sincerest sympathy in your great loss. Your mother's name carries me back to the earliest and most trying days of the cause—all its toils, dangers and sacrifices, in which she had so large a share. Almost my first knowledge of the Anti-Slavery movement was hearing her brave and womanly rebuke of the slaveholder in our Supreme Court. I wish I were able to be with you to-day to pay a last tribute of respect to one to whom we are all so much indebted. But it is wholly out of my power. Be sure I am with you in spirit and with most sympathizing and affectionate regards for all your family. Believe me most sincerely yours, WENDELL PHILLIPS."

There were beautiful bouquets and a wreath. Miss Southwick sent one of the bouquets to Mrs. Phillips. Mr. Ballou prayed at the close. I went in with Mr. Garrison to look at Mrs. Southwick. She wears the look of her active *mind*—the character appears more decidedly in the beautiful front and top of her head—large benevolence—than in her features. Mr. Garrison said as he looked at her, "Blessed be her memory! Wonderful compassion, sympathy and love for all!" She has often quoted to me this Winter, the lines of Pope, "Safe in the dying as the natal hour." Her fresh intellectual life was wonderful to the last, interested in everything going under the sun, in the way of progress. All science and government, everything historical. She knew more history than anybody I ever knew.

Mr. and Mrs. Sewall staid one night. He told about their call on Mrs. Stearns in Medford last Sunday. He said he heard some things of Major Stearns then, new to him. One was during the war. Mr. Stearns went to Tennessee to help in some way to get colored men fairly employed by government. Andrew Johnson was Governor and complained to Major Stearns that he couldn't get enough black men to build a bridge that was greatly wanted. They wouldn't work. Mr. Stearns inquired how much they were paid and found there was no fair pay. And then told Johnson if he would let him manage the affair he would engage to have the bridge done at the earliest day and hour possible. Johnson consented, and Major Stearns began. He offered good wages and engaged if government failed to pay them, he would, out of his own pocket. In a day 400 men had come forward, and more were ready to come, and the bridge was done to everybody's satisfaction. At another time Major Stearns was in Toronto, and at the hotel was a company of Southerners, full of boast and wrath against the North. In the midst of their violent talk, he turned calmly to Mr. Spooner and said, loud enough for all to hear: It would always be the pride of his life that he gave every dollar that bought the muskets John Brown took to Virginia. C. F. P.

Grantville, Mass., May 4th.

PERSONAL.

Gen. Grant has refused to remove Beauregard as President of the Mississippi Railroad.

Abby Kelly Foster, though in a critical state of health, attended the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society held last week. She is spending a few weeks in this city as the guest of Dr. E. D. Hudson, for medical consultation and treatment.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever preached the Anniversary discourse before the Church Anti-Slavery Society on Sunday evening last, in which he reviewed the struggle—brave and heroic—through which he has passed as pastor of the Church of the Puritans. The society, until the Summer vacation, will hereafter worship in the Lecture Room, and in the Autumn build a church further up town.

A German paper describes Count Bismarck thus: "His speeches are very uncouth in style, and his voice is sharp and grating. When excited he loses the thread of his discourse, and not unfrequently commits faults of grammar and construction. But there is an epigrammatic incisiveness in his short, sharp sentences, and a picturesqueness in his style which go far to redeem his defects. His wit is very remarkable. He is very sensitive to attack, especially since he has been suffering from his present nervous disorder, and his late altercation with Herr von Munchausen, is said to have aggravated this complaint. In the North German Parliament he invariably appears in the uniform of the Landwehr cavalry, while in the Prussian Parliament he attended in ordinary civil dress."

William Lloyd Garrison sailed for Europe in the "Cuba," from Boston, on the 8th inst. He was attended, on leaving, by a large number of old friends. An address of farewell was made to him, and also a presentation of $30,000 of the National Testimonial designed for him. It is designed to increase the sum to $50,000. George Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Snow were fellow-passengers.

Theodore Tilton, editor of the New York *Independent*, announced last week that he should hereafter conduct that journal entirely independent of the denominational interest which it was originally intended to represent—that of Congregationalism. Though he avows himself as personally "inflexibly Congregational—expecting to live and die in the membership of a Congregational church," we are glad he has decided to swing clear of sectarian bias in the conduct of the *Independent*.

Mrs. Caroline H. Dall preached to the First Parish of Haverhill (Unitarian) last Sunday, and was cordially received by the people. Her discourse was an earnest plea for the rational and fervent study of the Bible. She urged the bringing to the Bible of the student's own mind and heart to the entire exclusion of all prepossessions and in entire independence of all systems and commentaries; and so studied, she said the Bible would yield the richest fruits of moral and religious culture, as well as of the most central and valuable historical knowledge, and fully vindicate its claim to stand as the chief literature of the world in point both of inspiration and interest. The *Christian Register* says: "She occupied the pulpit alone, and showed careful and thorough pulpit preparation. In the afternoon she instructed the Bible class in the Sunday-school, and in the evening she spoke to the children at the Sunday-school concert always given in this Parish on the first Sunday of every month. Mrs. Dall was accompanied in her visit to Haverhill by the Rev. Mr. Ruther, a missionary from Calcutta, who interested the children and people exceedingly by his account of matters in India."

Mr. George W. Smalley of the *Tribune* sailed for Europe, with his family, on Saturday last, in the "City of Paris." He goes abroad as Foreign Commissioner for the *Tribune*, and will reside in London. Mr. Smalley's very successful mission abroad last Summer gave an important impetus to the *Tribune*, and, with a resident representative of his ability and enterprise in London, that journal will gain superior and unrivalled advantages in its department of foreign correspondence. Mr. Smalley is also heartily interested in the success and usefulness of THE STANDARD, and we hope our readers will, from time to time, have the benefit of contributions from his pen as a foreign correspondent. In noticing Mr. Smalley's departure for Europe, the *Independent* says:

Mr. George W. Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, sailed last Saturday for Europe, with his family, to be the resident correspondent of that journal in London. On the eve of his departure his editorial associates gave him a complimentary banquet at Sutherland's hotel, in Liberty street. Mr. George Ripley, the veteran literary reviewer of the *Tribune*, presided—conducting the festivities with great felicity; and speeches were made by John Russell Young, Samuel Sinclair, John D. Stockton, A. D. Richardson, William Winter, Thomas Rooker, John P. Foley, J. R. G. Hazzard, S. D. Page, Theodore Tilton, and others. Great regret was felt at the absence of Mr. Greeley, who happened to be out of town. Mr. Smalley's trip to Europe is the second which he has made in the service of the *Tribune*. Well-known to journalists as one of the ablest young men connected with the New York press, his return to England as the *Tribune's* minister of foreign affairs is a compliment to his rare fitness for one of the most difficult of posts. The editorship of a great journal, in any of its departments, is a fine art; and Mr. Smalley is a master in his profession. We wish him ever-increasing success and fame!

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 12th, 1867.

ON Wednesday of last week, in spite of a pouring rain, a party of Mr. Garrison's friends went on board the steamer to exchange farewells and wish him a prosperous voyage. The time being short, Rev. Mr. Waterston spoke for the company, expressing briefly the feelings which the occasion inspired, and further informing Mr. Garrison that thirty thousand dollars ($30,000), a testimonial, by his friends in this and other States, of their appreciation of his life-long labors in the cause of freedom, had been paid in, and were subject to his order. As the steamer parted, salutes in honor of the Apostle of Liberty were fired by the Revenue Cutter and the Massachusetts School Ship. Hon. George Thompson accompanies Mr. Garrison, and will attend, with him, the International Anti-Slavery Conference to be held at Paris in August.

Did I tell you some weeks ago, of a series of very interesting meetings, held at the call of our Board of State Charities, to confer in regard to suitable measures for saving the lives and promoting the welfare of foundling and deserted infants? These meetings were attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, as well fitted as any in our community to give intelligent considerations to this important question. In the last meeting a great body of evidence was presented, drawn from every available quarter, in regard to the extent of the evil in question, the amount of premature mortality involved in it, the amount and efficiency of the provision for such children already existing, the reasons for and against new efforts in this direction, and the comparative advantages and disadvantages of different methods. After mature consideration, action was taken upon the subject, and a bill to incorporate the "Massachusetts Infant Asylum" has just passed to be engrossed in our Senate.

I hear that a letter was dropped into the Post Office here a few days ago, directed thus:

Clark, Webster & Co.,
Swindlers,
62 Broadway,
New York,
N. Y.

This language is "plain" enough to have come from a Quaker, but there is little doubt that it was appropriately used, since the parties in question are "Managers" of a "Grand Presentation Entertainment," positively to be held on Tuesday, June 18th, at Cooper Institute, New York, when a Grand Distribution of Prizes will be made "on the Mutual Benefit Principle," with "a Pro Rata Distribution of Profits to Ticket-holders." Can it be that Mr. Tigg Montague formerly of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, has suffered transmigration, and is playing his old tricks under the form of Clark, Webster and Company. Surely, nothing less than the impudence of that eminent personage could undertake to make money by a humbug so transparent. The tickets are $1 each, with a discount of 25 per cent. to the sellers—a prize is given with every ticket—the prizes include pianos, sewing-machines, diamonds, gold watches, and cash, in sums from $5 to $75,000—and all this is done by "A number of the leading Bankers and Merchants of New York!" Immediately after the "Grand Distribution," the Prizes "will be sent by Express, prepaid." This is well enough, but since promises cost so little, it is strange that they do not authorize each purchaser of a ticket to select his own prize from their extensive and attractive list.

The Massachusetts Temperance Alliance have published, in a handsome pamphlet, the Argument of Rev. A. A. Miner on "The Right and Duty of Prohibition." An introductory notice points out the fact, adducing unquestionable evidence of it, that the liquor-dealers of Boston were the real authors of the plan which was ostensibly led by Hon. Alpheus Hardy as chief petitioner, and represented before the Legislative License Committee by Hon. John A. Andrew and Hon. Linus Child as counsel. An Association of spirit-sellers issued a "confidential" circular, about a year ago, to the class of persons most in sympathy with them, proposing the substitution of a license system for the present prohibitory law, insisting on the necessity of combination for that purpose, and speaking of efforts in behalf of temperance as "hypocritical fanaticism." It was well understood and frankly (among themselves) expressed in the meetings of these men, that they themselves must not be prominent in the public action taken to promote their interests, and that public meetings or petitions to this end must not appear to emanate from liquor-dealers *as* liquor-dealers. The evidence shows that it is the secret labors of these people, combined with an ostentatious putting forward of such men as John A. Andrew and Alpheus Hardy to represent their cause before the public, from which have proceeded the petitions for a license law before our Legislature; and it is upon this state of things that Mr. Miner forcibly remarks that "the movement does not mean what it professes—greater restriction than the prohibitory law can give; but it means greater freedom of sale than can be had with the prohibitory law—it means nothing less than this."

The argument—I should say rather the plea—of Gov. Andrew must have given entire satisfaction to his clients, the liquor-dealers; since the impression left upon one who has trustingly read it must be that the habitual drinking of wines and spirits is salutary as well as agreeable, and that the attempt to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage is an interference with the welfare, as well as with the temporary enjoyment of those who use it.

A lawyer in large practice, no doubt, gets accustomed to the discovery that some of his clients are knaves; this fact may become plain to him as the case goes on, and yet not prevent his recognizing the particular issue he is defending as a right and just one. The clients of Gov. Andrew in this case were known to everybody to be rather "tough customers"—men not accustomed to stick at trifles—and yet his Excellency must have blushed a little (inside if not outside) when one of those clients was obliged to admit that he knew the "respectable" liquor-dealer who had sold adulterated liquor to the State Agent, and thus purposely produced the very evil which he and his class have been attributing to the Agency and to the system which requires a State Agency. Gov. Andrew found in the course of this trial (if he did not know it before) that adulteration of liquors is practised by his "respectable" clients, the very men for whom he was asking a monopoly of the business of rum-selling for the protection of the community against adulteration. But the knowledge of this fact made no difference in his argument. He pleaded for that impostor, and the set associated with him in the recent efforts for a license-law, as if their supervision of the business *would* be a protection to the community.

NORTH.

LITERARY.

The April number of the *British Quarterly Review* contains papers on Charles Lamb and Mrs. Gaskell.

Mr. John Stuart Mill is about to publish the third volume of his "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical and Historical."

A gift of thirty thousand volumes of school-books has been made to the Peabody Educational Fund by A. S. Barnes & Co. of this city. The collection includes five thousand volumes of the "Teachers Library" and twenty five thousand volumes of Readers, Geographies and other text books.

G. W. Carleton & Co. have in press a collection of novelettes by "Ouida," under the title of "Beatrice Boville."

D. Appleton & Co. are about to publish the ninth edition of their "Handbook of American Travel."

The Appletons are about erecting on Broome street, near Broadway, a book-house which, it is said, will be the largest publishing establishment in the world. They will abandon the retail trade, and in this one building place their bindery, the largest in America, their printing office, and their sales rooms. Possibly when once ensconced in their new location they will carry out an idea they have long entertained of publishing a monthly or weekly which should rival in popularity the corresponding publication of the Harpers.

Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian, has just published two volumes entitled "Short Studies on Great Subjects." One of his articles, called "Representative Men," speaks of Mr. Emerson's book with the same title as follows:

"The Philosopher, the mystic, the poet, the sceptic, the men of the world, the writer; these are the present moral categories, the *summa genera* of human greatness as Mr. Emerson arranges them. From every point of view an exceptionable catalogue. They are all thinkers, to begin with, except one: and thought is but a poor business compared to action. Saints did not earn canonization by the number of their folios; and if the necessities of the times are now driving our best men out of action into philosophy and versemaking, so much the worse for the world. The one pattern actor, 'the man of the world,' is Napoleon Bonaparte, not in the least a person, as we are most of us at present feeling, whose example the world desires to see followed. Mr. Emerson would have done better if he had kept to his own side of the Atlantic. He is paying his own countrymen but a poor compliment by coming exclusively to Europe for his heroes; and he would be doing us in Europe more real good by a great deal if he would tell us something of the backwoodsmen in Kentucky and Ohio. However, to let that pass; it is not our business here to quarrel either with him or his book; and the book stands at the head of our article rather because it presents a very noticeable deficiency of which its writer is either unaware or careless."—Vol ii, pp. 230, 231.

RECEIVED.

The *Christian Examiner* for May. New York: James Miller, 522 Broadway.

Demorest's Monthly, for June. New York: W. J. Demorest.

Littell's Living Age, conducted by E. Littell. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The British Friend. Glasgow: Robert Smeal.

ART ITEMS.

The annual dinner of the National Academy of Design was given at the academy rooms on Wednesday evening last.

Le Clear has lately finished a portrait of Edwin Booth, not in character, but as a private individual. The likeness is excellent, and the color is warm and rich.

Kauffman is engaged upon a new painting entitled "Whipped to Freedom," representing the negroes running away from their masters, whipping their children to make them keep up with the Union troops.

Launt Thompson's bronze statue of Napoleon I., at the Paris Exhibition, has won laurels for him from *la belle France*, receiving much tribute of admiration from the Parisians. The statue, though not exactly colossal, is of heroic proportions, being six feet high, thus giving an addition of several inches to the figuring of the great emperor.

REPLY OF GEN. ROUSSEAU TO WENDELL PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

ABOUT a week ago Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, delivered a "lecture," as he called it, in the New York Academy of Music, in the course of which he took occasion to style me the "cowardly Kentuckian;" other characteristic epithets he then also heaped on me, not now remembered.

Protracted illness in my family and pressing engagements, pertinent to a responsible field of labor, have prevented my notice of this so-called lecture until now. And I am really puzzled, even now, to determine whether it is worth my while to reply to such a charge from a man, who, for many years, has esteemed it his privilege to denounce with very foul breath indeed all things and everybody that crossed his path. Shall Mr. Phillips say what he pleases, abuse personal character when he chooses, and always be passed by like an old scolding woman? I confess I had some difficulty to determine this question, especially since most gentlemen thus afflicted by him, seem in favor of considering him on the feminine hypothesis. But other names than mine are mentioned in this harangue; and besides I see that Mr. Phillips's lecture has been widely circulated. It appears in most of the leading New York journals, and, I am told, has been pretty extensively published elsewhere. For these reasons I conclude to notice it.

When Mr. Phillips broadly calls me a "coward," he calls in question the history of the rebellion. He also, in effect, challenges the military record on the strength of which my recent promotion was made. I have no desire to parade that record. It is well understood where I am best known, and where my military acts, for good or for bad, have been especially noted. But I wish the ground on which the President and the Senate acted in the matter of my recent appointment better understood in the North, and I respectfully ask for the insertion of so much of it as is herein contained in such Northern journals as published the slanderous attack. Some extracts, pertaining to that record, from eminent and authoritative sources, are therefore subjoined:

[These extracts are from the official reports of commanding Generals during the war. They are quite voluminous, and we regret that our space does not permit their publication.—ED.]

Perhaps Mr. Phillips, when he charged me to be a coward, used the word in a restricted sense. Perhaps he means a "moral coward," since I had not the courage to permit Mr. Grinnell, without punishment, to slander me, to slander my State and my military career, wantonly, bitterly and premeditatedly on the floor of the House of Representatives; for which slander the member refused all apology and reiterated his calumnies—which are embodied in the official reports—and they go into history side by side with the evidence that Mr. Grinnell was chastised with a little rattan switch for his conduct. On this issue my own and the constituents of Mr. Grinnell have made similar decisions. On that issue I was returned to Congress without opposition. For the nonce Mr. Grinnell has been left out of public life. This is enough for me and for my justification in that particular matter. It is the decision of the Court of Appeals on the merits of the case as appealed from the technical judgment of Congress.

I know that Mr. Phillips belongs to a school who, to enforce an argument or to win a party cause, consider it proof of "moral courage" to berate their fellow-men *ad nauseam*, and to charge all to the cowards who punish corporeally such as indulge in the pastime of calling gentlemen liars, cowards and knaves. The theory of this school must be, either that its practitioners are too contemptible for notice of any sort, or that resort shall be had to juries for calumnious words uttered, not *legally* actionable, or else that spirit and manhood should be expressed from men's natures until we all unite on one platform with the sleek and dove-tongued band of men and women who compose the nucleus of the spirit rappers, the women's right sect, and the like. For my humble self I despise the man who insults another and refuses an apology, and who under such circumstances unsexes himself, raises the screen of "moral courage," and cries out in effect that he has no more physical accountability than an outlawed man or a bad woman. And I equally loathe the captious bully who is ever seeking for offence in the freedom of debate, and who endeavors to carry his points by force or intimidation. There is a medium between these extremes, adapted to public and private life, where, as I think, every true gentleman and every man of honor and spirit stands. When Christianity is invoked to protect slanderers like these, one's gorge rises with disgust; for if our religion teaches any practical lesson, it is that of charity, forbearance and toleration. Its arguments are appeals to the reason and heart, while its rule of social government forbids calumny and deliberate insult, and demands of its true disciples speedy and humble atonement to such as they even undesignedly injure. Had Mr. Grinnell met me, for example, in the spirit of the Christianity which he and his friends invoke for his immunity and my disgrace, and had placed the retraction of his calumnies upon the same record that transmits them to posterity, I am sure, if I know my own heart, that I should have been even more free to forgive than I was to resent.

I cannot properly dismiss this Grinnell matter, so needlessly revived by Mr. Phillips, without stating that more than half of those who voted for my expulsion from the House, or for my censure on account of that transaction, assured me that in like case they would have acted as I did; and that Hon. Mr Loughridge, Mr. Grinnell's successor, and Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, who sat by Mr. Grinnell during the controversy, were among the warmest friends of my confirmation as Brigadier-General. So also were Gens. Logan and Farnsworth, of Illinois; Washburn, of Wisconsin; Washburne and Coburn, of Indiana; Buckland, Hays and Garfield, of Ohio; Van Horn, of Missouri, and Dodge, of Iowa. Add to this list of soldiers such gentlemen as Hon. Benjamin Eggleston, Jno. A. Bingham, and other Radical civilians of the House who then joined in my support. To this list of supporters must be also added such gentlemen in the Senate as Morton, Norton, Cameron, Thayer, Tipton, Yates, Ross, Wade, Sherman, Doolittle, Reverdy Johnson, Fowler, Williams, Cattel, Drake, Henderson, Morrill, of Maine, Van Winkle, Willey, Anthony, Bayard and the Pattersons.

An attack upon the conduct of such men for such an act is hardly of angelic origin, yet all are virulently assailed by implication in the so-called lecture of Mr. Phillips. Especially does he attack Senator Wilson,* of Massachusetts, because he was absent from his seat on a Republican mission at the South, and was not present to do Mr. Phillips (as he takes it for granted he would have done, but which I doubt) the service of active hostility to me on that occasion. And I emphatically say that it is for the justification of such gentlemen as those just named, and who have been denounced by Mr. Phillips, rather than for my own sake, that I make this reply and request its publication in those journals that have printed the attack and whose circulation of that attack in my judgment alone gives to it such dignity as demands attention.

I have only to add that henceforth my humble life will be devoted to the army, to the maintenance of the laws, and to obedience to my orders, without reference to any consideration that does not appeal to the soldier. I profoundly thank the President and Senate for their recognition of my services during the rebellion—this recognition is my pride and glory. All my humble acts, in politics and in the field, have been aimed to serve the cause of the union of the States and to maintain the Union. It will always remain a mystery to me why I have been so persecuted by the class of which Mr. Phillips is the head. I have tried to do my duty. Had my enemies prevailed I should have been expelled from Congress and sent into ignominious retirement, without even the promotion for which a soldier has a right to ask, and which is always his inspiration and hope.

Very respectfully, LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU.

* This allusion to Mr. Wilson makes it not inopportune to say that Mr. Phillips misstates the record in relation to my confirmation. Mr. Phillips's language clearly implies that there was a tie vote upon my confirmation, and he censures Mr. Wilson for not defeating me on this occasion. The vote to which he refers was on the postponement of the whole matter to the next Congress. Many of my friends being absent at the time, that motion resulted in a tie vote. After a long contest I was confirmed—33 to 14.

CONFERENCE OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania cordially invite the lovers of Truth and Humanity, without distinction of sect or name, to come to their Fifteenth Yearly Meeting, which will be held at Longwood, near Hamorton, Chester County, commencing on Fifth day (Thursday), the 6th of Sixth month (June), 1867, at 11 o'clock, a.m., and continuing three days.

This Religious Society, leaving its members free to construct their own creeds, seeks its bond of union in a common love of God and Humanity, and a common desire to labor for the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind. Its meetings are devoted, not to doctrinal disputation, or the working of ecclesiastical machinery, but to free discussion and action upon questions relating directly to the social, moral and religious improvement of the people. It aims to cultivate and cherish a piety free alike from superstition and bigotry, and springing from a filial confidence in God as the Father of every human being, and the Friend especially of the poor, the weak and the oppressed. Undervaluing not the records bequeathed to us of the truth as apprehended by prophets and apostles of the olden time, it reverences human nature more than any parch

SPEECH OF COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

(Continued from the First Page.)

it must mean something very insulting to the concern, and it all went to pieces.

It is not now that I fear these sources of danger. It is not now, when instinct is active to guide them, when one party stands out clearly as their friends and another as their foes. It is by and by, when experience has taught them their own weakness, when they have tried their own leaders and found them perhaps unreliable, when they have tried some white leader and found him for a time worthy of trust, when by and by the shrewd politicians of the South shall manage and govern the negro as they have always governed us in times, by dividing his counsels and making those who should be friends hate each other. When we think, even among the professed Anti-Slavery men of the North, what long periods there have been of mutual alienation, how much time has been spent, inevitably perhaps, but most sadly, in mutual criticism and the utterance of distrust, when we think how long one of the ablest colored advocates for freedom was alienated from this very Society—nobody cares now to ask how or why; it is sad enough to remember the fact—when, worse than all, we think that, besides these honest differences of opinion, we have seen such sad downfalls among those who seemed faithful; when we think that, among the foremost allies of President Johnson in his treason, were men who, in Boston, had stood side by side with us in fugitive slave rescues and in mob meetings—how can we expect of the black man, in his ignorance, a firm fidelity to principle or a consistent wisdom, which the white men of the North have so often failed to manifest?

What is the remedy for these dangers? Not the withholding of the suffrage, because it is only by using it that they can learn to use it; not merely the extension of the suffrage to the women of the South, although of course every consistent advocate for impartial suffrage is bound to ask for that also; but something which shall be the basis of suffrage, which shall enable every colored man to feel that though he may be socially excluded, and a pecuniary sufferer by his vote, there is at least one little piece of God's earth which is his, and from which he cannot be driven—confiscation, which, by breaking up the great estates of the South, shall give every colored man the opportunity to become a landholder, and which shall throw open to him, as now he has offered to him the prairies of the West which are tenantless, also those boundless regions of the South which are worse than tenantless, because rebels hold them. During the war this process was begun. Nothing ever so galvanized into self-respect, nothing except military service ever gave so much manhood to the negroes of Port Royal, as the mere offer of the government to give them the preemption right to the confiscated lands of the slaveholders. Nothing ever gave them such distrust in the government as the withdrawal of that temporary offer. On those islands you could almost see the progress of the self-reliance of the men and women growing, as they worked their own land, when compared with those only hired upon the land of another. The best result of the noble experiment of Mr. Philbrick, who introduced so many agricultural laborers on St. Helena's island, was its proving incontestibly that the negroes, when employed for wages, did not make so much progress as those under far less advantages than they who worked land for themselves at Port Royal.

The ablest freedman I ever saw in the South, who gave his great energy to marking out to the people in South Carolina their preemption claims upon the confiscated land, of which they were cheated at last, made a strong statement to me of the importance of these people owning those lands instead of working for hire. I asked him if he did not think the importance of the homestead was overrated. No, he said; it was impossible to overrate its value to the man who had been a slave. "Every man will be still a slave," said he, in his quaint language, "until him can make him own bale of cotton, and put him own brand on it, and say, That is mine." (Applause.) Nothing can ever accomplish this great end except the strong arm of the nation, driven to do it by the necessities of the case. It is too much to ask of politicians with Presidents to make. It is too much to ask of newspapers with their individual power to bring to bear upon the politicians and the presidents. It can only be asked by the Abolitionists, as they asked for abolition.

It is an essential part of abolition. To give to these people only freedom, without the land, is to give them only the mockery of freedom which the English or the Irish peasant has. It is to give him all that crushes those trans-Atlantic laborers, without the opportunity of emigration. It is to give to them only a mockery; for even education is only a temporary boon, when the very land upon which the unwelcome school-house rests belongs to a former slaveholder, who only waits for the removal of your garrison to haul the school-house away or burn it. Without this support, the black man will not feel himself truly a man. He responds now to his sudden impulse. He is eager now to exercise the new-found privilege of the ballot. But we, who ought to know better than he how powerless a mere ballot is to keep a people from being misgoverned; we, who know how precarious a thing even education is when it is subject to the whim of one who was an oppressor, and who would be now if we could—we ought to make this demand for him, which he has not yet the voice to utter distinctly for himself, if he has the clear brain to form it. It is for us to see that here, at least, shall be represented, upon this platform, not merely the nation, but the future to which the public sentiment of the nation must come.

The PRESIDENT said: To carry out the idea which has just been advanced, I will offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That a large measure of confiscation and a division of confiscated lands among the negroes is an act of justice to him, as well as of security to his other rights and to the nation itself.

I may add to his argument a single fact. The most intelligent Abolitionist in Kentucky said to me ten years ago, "Give me ten millions of dollars, so that I can guarantee to the mechanics of Kentucky ninety days' bread, and I will abolish slavery for you in two years; because it is only the fear of being thrown out of employment that keeps from 50,000 to 75,000 of them from voting against the slaveholders to-day. Give them a spot on which to stand, and they will vote in behalf of their own class." The same thing is true, undoubtedly, of the colored man himself, in his future use of the elective franchise.

The PRESIDENT announced as the Finance Committee, E. M. Davis, John K. Wildman, Sallie Holley, R. J. Johnston, Mrs. Mary Lightfoot, Miss Harriet Purvis.

The following letter from Gen. SAXTON was read to the Convention:

LETTER FROM GEN. RUFUS SAXTON.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 2, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret that I cannot be present at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, but my official duties here will prevent. I can only send the assurances of my cordial sympathy with the ideas and principles of the Abolitionists who will be assembled there to deliberate upon the best means of completing the great work of emancipation and reconstruction, which, under Providence, owes its present state of progress and future promise mainly to their fidelity and devotion.

In my daily intercourse with the people of this city, white and black, I am almost painfully impressed with the magnitude of the work yet to be done ere conflicting interests and ideas are reconciled, and that true government so necessary to the welfare and happiness of a people shall be established. A government which shall guarantee equal rights for all, where the people are educated to recognize the brotherhood of humanity and understand that the violation of the rights of any can only cause misery and unhappiness. The work to be done now is to educate the people. Free schools for all should be built on every hill-side. The government could well afford to expend many millions to send teachers throughout the South, and in a very few years the expenditure, principal and interest, would be returned to the Treasury. Here has been the scene of some of the stirring events of the great war for freedom. The hills and valleys for miles are dotted with the intrenchments of the contending armies, and the mark of ruin is everywhere; but nature delays not in her work of reconstruction—the grass grows green and the flowers are blooming over the waste places. The people, too, have shown an enterprise in building up the ruins which argues well for the future. When they cease to mourn for the "lost cause," and are just to the negro and faithful to freedom, our work here will be ended, and not until then.

With great respect, faithfully yours,

RUFUS SAXTON.

A. M. POWELL, Esq., Secretary Anti-Slavery Society.

A letter was also read to the Convention, expressing the regret of Gen. BUTLER at being unable to be present at the meeting.

The following letter was received from CHARLES D. B. MILLS:

LETTER FROM CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

To the President and Members of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York assembled:

FRIENDS: The Anniversary occasion that calls you together this year will furnish much in the review of the past to rejoice in and be thankful for.

The nation, urged on, step after step, by the sharp pricks of Jehovah's judgment and rebukes, has advanced somewhat towards truth and liberty. We have great occasion for gratitude that the wicked reconstruction scheme through the proposed Constitutional Amendment failed, being defeated at the hands even of rebels. We were thus saved, despite ourselves, from consummating our infamy and ruin. Thanks to Heaven! the enfranchisement of the black man over the compass of the late rebellion has been extorted by the obvious public necessity. Let us pray that the nation may still be shut up to righteousness!

It remains to carry forward and perfect what has been begun. We are to see that the work of grace is consummated. To sit down now to rest and congratulations would be fatal. The full measure of liberty and possession that is his due must be vindicated to the late slave, and guaranteed beyond the possibility of invasion. His right, not only to citizenship and the ballot, but also to land and a home—to a just share of that accumulation of property generally which he has in large part wrought upon and earned, and which is therefore, by every consideration of equity, his—his right to peaceable and full possession of freedom and enjoyments, uninterfered with from without—right to pursue and gain the proper ends of his existence *freely*, even though to vindicate it might cost the disfranchisement and incarceration of every rebellious spirit in the South—these rights you will affirm and insist upon, permitting no rest till they be fully recognized and irreversibly secured.

The nation you will still call to repentance, for it is still ungodly. The public mind is yet drunken with the wine of political expediency; it follows the harlotry of compromise. The ethics of the time represented in the political and ecclesiastical organizations, is still Atheistic, profligate, and opens the door constantly to treason, to humanity and heaven. We need greatly the thorough principle of a regeneration in all the departments of our life. The recent political history in our country admonishes forcibly that we may not trust in parties or partisans; that it is not they, or any of them, that may be relied on to shield and save the ark of freedom. The little band of Abolitionists who have no offices to covet, no reputations to protect, no side interests to secure, must still stand as monitors of the people, the witnesses and confessors for God.

I think also that the hour has struck for making the demand of a broad enfranchisement throughout the nation—for insisting upon the claim of woman, equally with man, to participate in the rights of government. The axe is laid at the root of the tree, and we are solemnly admonished now, at this hour, not to omit to lay the foundations of the new life religiously upon the sole basis of impartial justice. There is but one name given under heaven whereby we can be saved. Why should we not require that the organic compact of the nation shall henceforth guarantee, in every State thereof, impartial suffrage—right of the ballot, irrespective of distinction of race, color or sex?

I trust that your Convention this year will take ground and utter a testimony on this subject; also, that you will, as a body, recognize the duty, in this regard, lying before the Constitutional Convention of our own State about to assemble, and memorialize it to provide, by Constitutional enactment, for the extension of the suffrage henceforth impartially to all the citizens. It will be a long day's march from this point to perfect liberty, to genuine and divine freedom; but the abolition of the partiality of suffrage will be the removal of a huge abuse, and a significant step for progress. It is not a day too early to begin.

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

Syracuse, N. Y., May 6, 1867.

The PRESIDENT—I have now the pleasure of introducing to you the Hon. THOMAS J. DURANT, of New Orleans, whose honorable services to the national cause in that State have been too often referred to on this platform for it to be necessary that I should speak of them to-day. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS J. DURANT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: For your reception of the very kind allusion which has been made by your respected President to myself, permit me, ladies and gentlemen, to return you my most cordial thanks. Feeling, however, that I am thoroughly undeserving of them, I should indeed be insensible, too, if I did not rise now under feelings of painful embarrassment, to address this dignified and venerated audience. For in whose presence do I speak, and before what audience do I appear? In the presence of one whose voice has been the signal that fired the hearts of all the friends of freedom in America, since that gloomy day when Lovejoy fell martyr to liberty until now, when the dawn of a better day of freedom has risen upon our land—one whose voice was heard so oft in worse extremes than the perils of battle, and who so long has stood your surest sentinel. I am listened to by an audience who are the pioneers of American thought. You, members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, have led the vanguard of freedom in America. Your ideas have been more potent than artillery; your resolves have been more pregnant with the fate of the nation than the resolutions of Congress itself. But, when a man of your ideas—though not even deemed to participate in them fully—was made the President of the nation, the Southern oligarchy at once revolted; they passed that ordinance of secession in South Carolina which they fondly but vainly thought was to separate them from freedom, and give them secession from republican government; that ordinance which was the first step in the great moral revolution of America, which will only be completed when a black representative from the Southern States takes his seat in Congress, the peer of those you send from the North (cheers)—a spectacle that will, no doubt, be most honorable to this nation, however distasteful it may be to some who are now called Republicans, however distasteful it might be to some States even that are found in the New England group, if that result is attained. The black man is to become a political element in this country. He, it may be, is ignorant, but he is not ignorant that his own vote is to protect his freedom. (Applause.) He may be uneducated and unintelligent, but he will learn to know that by voting for reliable men of his race (if such can be found, and I know that such can be)—it is by voting for men of his own race, and placing them in the halls of Congress and in the State Legislatures, that his liberties will be best secured.

You have led the advance-guard of liberty in this nation. You have appealed to those characteristics which are essential to human nature, which separate us on the one hand from the rest of the animal creation, and link us, on the other hand, to divinity. Your power has lain in the fact that you have appealed to man as man—that you have appealed to his conscience and to his intelligence alone, and by these supreme forces you have triumphed. It was said in a recent work on Roman jurisprudence by Carl Von Savigne, one of the most eminent jurists of modern Europe, that law was an emanation of the common conscience of the people; and this axiom seems to me to underlie and to sustain the whole theory of Republican government. It is the key-note of modern civilization and progress, that in the bosom of each man there is a conscience which makes him the judge of right, and from that conscience emanate those qualities alone which give men the right to make laws for one another—the conscience of the individual sustaining him in the choice, and the action of the mass criticizing the individual—keeping the individual in order. This great idea protested, three centuries ago, against spiritual despotism. This great idea is the idea of modern times. Votes govern in democracy, instead of imperialism, and array the authority of the individual, as a member of the mass, against the authority of the individual claiming power by his own inherent right. It is the idea of authority, unsustained by the opinion of the mass, that is in itself the foundation of slavery, for authority denying the individual conscience necessarily denies the individual rights of man; and unless those individual rights are equal among us, it necessarily follows that one class must be masters and the other must be slaves. It is this idea of authority, acting against and independent of the mass, which has not only sustained slavery, which has not only brought about this bloody rebellion, but which has hampered the progress of reconstruction, which can only be successfully applied on the theory and the application of the great idea of equal and individual rights among all men without distinction. It is this idea of acting in opposition to the mass, acting without asking their consent, or without knowing of their consent, that has hampered the great question of reconstruction.

It is immaterial whether, in such opposition, the individual exercising such authority is honest in his convictions or not—if he attempts to exercise that authority individually, having knowledge of the will of the mass, he is doing wrong, and no good can come of it, for the laws of nature carry with them their own execution, and are never violated with impunity, either by the honest, or the ignorant, or the wise. Ajax, defying the lightning, though ignorant or reckless in regard to its power, may still be struck with it; and the most honest man, acting according to the dictates of his soul, and according to the best lights of his conscience, if he acts against the will of the mass, and without their authority, is acting the part of a despot. And it is immaterial whether the individual exercising such authority believes in his rights or not, or believes or not that he is acting for the best. I think we have an eminent illustration of this truth in the conduct of the late President of the United States, than whom, I believe, a more honest man, or one more sincerely devoted to the freedom of America and the liberty of the black race, it may be, never lived. (Applause.) It is now more than three years—on the 24th of December, 1864—the late President of the United States addressed a letter to the General commanding the Department of the Gulf, telling him in plain words, such as I now repeat: "You are master of the whole situation; organize a Free State Government in Louisiana as rapidly as possible. You are master of the movement and of the people, and I confide the power to your hands." This was an act of authority independent of the will of the American people; it was without the sanction of the Representatives of the American people in Congress assembled, and setting authority against right, necessarily produced nought but evil.

The Commanding General, taking the President at his word, and assuming an authority that the President had no right to confer upon him, commenced to organize a free State government by calling alone upon the men of one race to organize that government, by proclaiming to those whom he addressed that it was the duty of every loyal man to participate in reconstruction—that, to use his own expression, "At such a crisis, indifference was a crime, and faction"—that is, opposition to his views—"should be treated as treason." He spurned the advice of those who suggested to him at that time to admit the black man to the right of suffrage. If he had availed himself of the power which he then had as military commander of the department, the great question would have been settled in Louisiana three years ago and more. But, instead of that, in a fragment of the State, in only about one-third of its area, and with less than one-third of its population, he ordered a Convention to be elected which was composed exclusively of men of the white race, and the consequence was that, under the pressure of a military order, that Convention did pass an ordinance abolishing slavery, but in the most emphatic and most contemptuous manner it rejected all propositions made by a feeble minority of its members to extend the elective franchise to the black man. What has been the consequence of that refusal? There being in the Constitution which was framed no exclusion of any white man because of his previous participation in the rebellion, and there being an entire and utter exclusion of every black, the consequence was that the whole political power of the State passed into the hands of the enemies of the government. And when the Governor and his friends, starting back (like the fabled artist who had made an image that he had imbued with life, and that threatened to pursue him to destroy him)—when the Governor and his associates, starting back at the horrid monster of rebellion that they had placed in the seat of power in Louisiana, attempted by a rash movement to retrace their steps, bloodshed and destruction were poured out upon the city of New Orleans, and the attempt was drowned in the gore of those who made it. Such were the consequences, feebly and briefly depicted, of an unauthorized interference on the part of a military commander, without consulting the will of the nation, and without the approbation of its representatives, to impose his will upon the people of that territory.

I say again, that the principle of slavery is the principle of forced submission to authority; and a principle much akin to it is the unrebuked exercise of authority without the popular consent. How can it be said, then that after the President and his general had done this act, the man chosen by the same party, with the approval of all that had been previously done, when he came to be the Chief Executive of the nation, should be blamed by the same party for doing the same acts which they had approved in his predecessor? It is true that he cannot escape the consequences of his ill deeds, because either he or his predecessor had acted honestly, because in the violation of the laws of nature there is no question of integrity. We are told that the rains of heaven descend equally upon the fields of the just and the unjust. But we must trace back faults to their true origin, and see that it is not the instrument that is to blamed, but the public opinion which is to be censured for allowing the improper use of means.

Now ladies, and gentlemen, permit me a few words on the theory of reconstruction which has been presented by the Congress of the United States, so intimately connected, as it is, with the welfare of the black man in the South. I speak to an audience that appreciates entirely the truth of what I say when I declare that the history of the country demonstrates that the condition of the black man has been at all times, is now, the test of the fate of our nation. It was because the free North permitted him to be held as a slave that the free North had to send out its sons to battle, and to walk to reconstruction over their graves. It is the same spirit that drove the black man, one week ago, out of the street-cars of Philadelphia, and placed the bowie-knife at his throat and spilled his life-blood at New Orleans on the 30th of July when he claimed the privileges of an American citizen. (Applause.)

The bills of reconstruction, familiarly known as the military reconstruction of the XXXIXth and XLth Congress, are, in my judgment—while they contain valuable and essential principles—most lame in their details. They have left in existence the rebel organizations called State governments in the South, and hence all the influence of power, of patronage, and of place, is thrown against the march of improvement and of equal rights in those States. Another great mistake (I trust those who dissent from me will look with indulgence upon my views) is, that in the theory and practical operation of those bills the military power has been made superior to the civil—which, I think, is a very bad school of instruction for the ignorant, whether they be white or black, in any country. (Applause.) I was always of opinion, and am still, that those rebel governments should have been swept aside, bursting asunder the Liliputian ties that confined the strength of the strong and loyal men of the South. I always have been and still am of the opinion that the government should have been one civil in its character, supported but not dominated by the military arm, and kept there until the people, black and white, were fit for republican equality. (Applause.) But this bill contains the great idea, the admirable principle of equality. Under the influence of this bill nothing but good can result, so far as that principle shall be carried out in it; and the commencement of carrying it out has already been made. I know that there are men in the South who never can be aught but rebels. I do not mean that they will ever attempt, or that they now have any idea of attempting an armed rebellion; but there are men there, as there are men here, men in Connecticut, and men in New York, who do not believe in human equality—who would deride it as the vision of an enthusiast—who do not believe that it can be brought into practical operation in this life. I know that there are men there, as there are men here, who would say, This man is not my brother, for he is black, and this man is not my brother, for he is poor. These men never will adopt the principle of reconstruction on the basis of equality, and if they submit to it with words of cajolery and flattery to the newly made-voters, it may be, for a future purpose; but when these voters exercise the right of suffrage, as they will, under constitutional guarantees, that cajolery will have been exercised in vain, and that hope will be utterly defeated. It will be impossible that the proud planter, who now solicits the vote of his slave, will, when that slave's vote is perpetually guaranteed to him, if he be elected to and sit in the same hall with his former master—it will be impossible that that planter shall vote against the interest and the liberty of the black race. In many of the States of the South, and I believe I am not going too far in saying that in all of them—the black man, if he knows his own interest—and his own interest is only to be free (and that he does know and insist upon)—the black man, when he knows his own interest, is the master of the situation. (Applause.)

The commencement has already been made, and when the Colonel of a rebel regiment in South Carolina stands on the platform, as we saw in 1862 in Louisiana, with a negro, he has abandoned the idea of future rebellion—probably I should use a better word if I should say he has sacrificed it on the altar of temporary expepediency; and under the inspiration of a hope of change, he has really given up the essential principle of the struggle. And, further, with regard to the reconstruction bills, admirable as they are in principle—faulty in some details—they have been made still more faulty by the mode in which they have been and are being administered. In the State of Louisiana, the General commanding the Fifth District commenced, as it was his duty under the bill, to appoint those who are styled by the act "Registers of Votes"—persons appointed under the law, and to be taken from the list of all citizens without distinction of race and color, who had a certain residence in the territory and were of a certain age. He commenced by appointing in the four municipal districts of New Orleans 12 men, 3 in each, and not a black man among them. Thus his first act in office was in violation of the principle of the bill. It was bad policy, because it necessarily rendered the black man suspicious of the proper execution of the bill; and further it was bad policy because, though it may have been done in good faith, it takes away from the black man that first great lesson that could have been given him in the art of government. There he stood upon the threshold of the temple of political freedom and equal rights, and the first act of the commanding general is to thrust him from the door-step, and that system was continued throughout the whole State. In the 48 parishes which constitute Louisiana, corresponding to the counties here, a Board of three Registers have been appointed in each parish. Every one of those appointees is a white man. Now, it must be plain to those who have the doctrine of equal rights at heart—who think the vote of the negro is not to be for their own peculiar benefit—who do not think he is to be a machine to get politicians into office—that the order of the General commanding the district was a great error in principle, and a serious blunder in policy. I am not disposed, in the slightest degree, to blame that General for what he has done. I look upon him as the instrument of an erroneous system—the system of placing the task of organizing the republic and government in military instead of in civil hands. The military man does not reason—he obeys. It is not his function to devise, but it is his task to execute what another commands him to perform. When the General commanding the Department of the Gulf was asked if there were any means that he could have employed to prevent the massacre? he said there were—that he could have forbidden the Convention to meet. How strongly his answer shows the ideas that possess the soldier! A body of American citizens, assembled to debate on their own affairs in an orderly way, at the time of the atrocious mistake of the 30th July last, was examined a few days afterwards before a military commission, and could have been saved from massacre by denying them the rights of an American citizen. He further said that the massacre could have been prevented by placing over the Convention an armed force, but he knew certainly that such an act would not have met with the approbation of his superiors. A General, stationed to protect the life, liberty and property of American citizens, in a city lying, like a jewel upon a lady's breast, upon the banks of the Mississippi, under the folds of the American flag—an American General does not guard the sacred right of free assemblage and free discussion, and save these citizens from massacre, because he is sure it would not meet the approbation of his superiors! Who are those superiors? What officer in the American nation was superior to the General that then commanded the Department of the Gulf? What is his name? What rank has he attained? What office does he hold? For that man, whoever he may be, is guilty of the blood that his refusal of protection caused to flow in the streets of New Orleans. (Applause.)

I say, then, that the General now commanding the Fifth District, is not to be blamed when he tramples under foot in his order, the principle of equality of the two races. He is not to be blamed for committing this political blunder and this gross invasion of the clear principles of right; but I say they are to be blamed who instituted the system of military government instead of instituting a civil government, and who placed the men who executed their will under the orders of this superior who forbade to protect American citizens in free discussion in a free assembly.

The black man in Louisiana, if not in all the Southern States, is master of the situation. It is our theory that men are fit for self-government, not educated white men alone, but all men. If these men upon the trial do not prove it, then my theory and yours will have been demonstrated to be a failure, and the black flag of slavery will again float over this country. For it is unity of government that constitutes us one people, and is to be preserved on the American continent. And either under one form or another it will be preserved. It is our duty to give the black man ample and complete guaranties. We are not to leave the black men of Louisiana and the other Southern States to the operation of a State Constitution which may at any time be changed. (Applause.) We are to give them liberty—the unalterable sanction of a national guaranty. And you will see, when the Republican Convention meets in Louisiana, that it will be composed of black men and white men alike and in equal numbers. You will see that when these conventions meet in the other States, they will demand at the hands of this nation, and from you, the leaders and the keepers of the nation's conscience, that a constitutional enactment shall be framed which will prohibit every State from making any distinction in suffrage or in equality before the laws, among its citizens on account of their descent. When we shall have done that, and shall have secured to him education, we shall have accomplished for the black man all that we can politically accomplish, because then we make him a perpetual citizen. Then we place the guardianship of his liberties under the tutelage of his own conscience, of his own understanding; and if they are not safe there, they cannot be safe with you or with any other race. It is not for us to decide upon the liberties of our fellow-beings. It is our duty to acknowledge them. It is not for us to say they are unfit to exercise liberty or to enjoy the privileges or prerogatives that flow from liberty. It is our duty to accord them freely; and until they fail, we have no right to suppose that the enterprise can perish.

It is true that when we shall have accomplished all this, our task will not be ended. For we, as the pioneers of God, leading the advance in the army of progress, never will have done our work. The soldier in the war sinks upon the battle-field, yielding up his life for the victory of his country, or retires in safety after the victory and returns to the bosom of society. But our task never will be accomplished. Rest has come to those who fought—

"But thou who minglest in the strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life."

SPEECH OF REV. MR. CHADWICK.

Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK, of Brooklyn, said:

It is impossible to look back over the years that have gone without feeling our hearts swell with joy, when we see what God has done for us, and what we have done for ourselves, he helping us. A year ago, the nightmare of the Constitutional Amendment was upon the land, and it trembled and was convulsed; and who among us did not fear that the nation might not throw it off? No true man doubted that sooner or later every man would have his rights, that every man and every woman in this land would stand upon the footing of perfect equality; but many certainly did doubt whether it would come in our day; and some of us doubted even then, whether God would let America be his servant in this work; whether she had not gone so far on the wrong path, that he would reserve that glorious confirmation for some nation with another name. But now that doubt is gone. The South hurls back the Constitutional Amendment into our faces, and has thus enabled us to bless her with a more lasting blessing. We have many other things to be thankful for. Although the reconstruction measures of the last Congress are not in all respects what we might wish, still they contain grand provisions for the carrying out of the people's will. It is true there are many things to make us grieve. The President has not been impeached. That bad, ignorant, besotted man still holds his place. Yet I sometimes think that even this may be for the best; that it may make us more careful, more vigilant in the future. Yet there seems to be a danger, that having had a President with opinions and nothing else, apparently not a conviction in his soul, we may have a man to follow him who has neither convictions nor opinions. (Applause.) This is one of the dangers of the time. Let us give all credit to the man who led our armies, for the way in which he led them to victory, and thus to peace. But although not one man in a dozen thinks he is not the man to lead us up out of the abasement which has followed that victory, yet eight men out of ten say he will probably be the man because he is the most available man. God save us from available men. Johnson was an available man! If worst comes to worst, if we must still suffer this man, may He who from seeming evil always educes good, teach us in this way to be more careful in the future.

Although we have done much, yet much certainly remains to do. Much has been said to-day about the South, not a word too much, yet I think a little more should be said here about the duty of the North. While every distinctive rebel State to-day stands upon the basis of impartial, not of universal suffrage, there are Northern States which still exclude the negro from the ballot-box. This must be amended. Some say it must be amended very soon because we want the negro vote in the next Presidential election. That is a poor reason. Every negro in the North as well as in the South has the right to political equality with us; and though every negro should vote the wrong way in the election, no less should he have the right to vote accorded to him. (Applause.)

Mr. Sumner is sometimes called an impracticable man; but I have noticed that everybody comes round to his impracticable ways. I have stood upon the beach, and as the waves rolled upon it, when I have seen one wave higher than the others come far up on the sand, I have said to myself, "No other wave can reach it." Yet in a little while the whole tide has come up to that point, and gone beyond it. So, time and again, when it has been said that Mr. Sumner was impracticable and no one would follow him, I have seen that everybody did follow him, sooner or later. Now, Mr. Sumner tells us that the provisions of the Federal Constitution, as they now exist, are quite sufficient to give every negro in the North his vote; that as Congress under the Constitution has assigned to the negro his civil rights, so has it a perfect right to assign to him his political rights. Let every man and woman urge upon Congress to do this. But if it is sufficient, let us have something more than sufficient. If it is certain, let us make certainty more sure. (Applause.) Let us not rest upon any mere Congressional action; but let us insist that the Constitution shall positively stand upon the freedom and equality of every man before the law. Let us insist that the Constitution shall be amended so as to give every negro North and South his vote, so that there may be no distinction in any State, whether the State itself would have it so or not.

Next, we must have a Constitutional provision for the universal education of Americans. I would not trust this, any more than the other, to the action of the State. I have not the fears which many persons have, that if the negro is not educated he will be fooled by his late master. The negro was not fooled during the war, when every avenue of Northern communication was cut off. He knew what it meant about as well as anybody else. And when his ballot comes to him, if he can't read it he will smell it, or find out in some way or another what it means. I am not troubled about that. Still I wish our government to rest upon the basis of intelligence. And although I would rather have the negro with his mere instincts, than to have him cultivated and a member of our intellectual aristocracy, since we have seen painfully that culture does not necessarily ensure justice, yet to his instinctive love of freedom I would add intelligence. And I would add to the National Constitution a provision that in every State, North or South, every individual shall have education, at the expense of the State, and that each State shall be responsible to the central government in this respect.

While you are laboring for the accomplishment of this work, upon this platform, remember that every word spoken here not only aids in the immediate task you have in hand, but tells in the work of universal liberty. Phillips in America, John Bright in England, Mazzini in Italy, the Cretans, who have proved themselves very different persons from the "slow bellies" they were in St. Paul's time—all these men are striking at the different links of the same chain which binds man the world over. God speed the day when no two links of that chain shall hold together!

No sooner will this great work be done and these questions fairly settled, than others will rise before us for consideration. No sooner shall we have given to the black man his vote, than we shall see that it is our duty to give to every woman, white or black, throughout this land, her vote. No sooner shall we have done that, than the question of labor will come up for consideration; questions of giving more leisure and higher culture to the laboring man. And in carrying forward these reforms, we are not only helpers of ourselves, helpers of the black man of the South and of the North, but we shall be helpers in the good cause of humanity all over the earth, of every good cause that shall come before this people, or any other people, for decision. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, having been called upon said:

I shall speak but a moment at this late hour. I have watched with interest the movements of the Southern people, the movements of the old slaveholders towards their slaves; but I have very little confidence in the new propositions they are now making. While I am willing to recognize all the progress made, North and South, I am still of the opinion that a great many of the old planters at the South look forward to the day when they shall again be reinstated. Look at Hayti. After thirty years of freedom to the people of the island, the French were still hoping, still striving to reinstate themselves in power. In Jamaica, after more than thirty years of freedom and of peace, the feelings of the old planters and their sons still remained, so as to prevent their doing equal justice to the colored people of that country. Now, we cannot expect the American people, though they are accustomed to turn somersets and change their coats, to change their principles and become honest so soon.

While at the South not long ago, I had a very interesting interview with my old master. It was indeed very interesting to both of us. We had not met for thirty years. He congratulated me on my position, and I congratulated him on his. (Laughter.) We compared opinions and talked over all the ground. Every once in a while he would give a long sigh, especially when I spoke of the progress of freedom in the land. At last he said, "Well, it may be that this thing will last; but I don't know as it will." Then he went back to reckon up some old scores that stood between us. My English friends, some dozen years ago, had bought me for a small sum, in consideration of his giving up all claim to me; but he said that never covered even the interest of the money. (Laughter.) I saw that he was getting round to bring some kind of account against me, and I was not prepared for anything of the kind; and so I kept harping on justice. After he had given up all hope of getting anything out of me on that score, said he, "You remember when you ran away that you stole one of my coats." Well, I had to plead guilty to the coat; but said I, "You had two coats, and I had none; and you was not willing to apply the Scripture doctrine to the coat, and so I did." (Laughter.) Said he, "I have heard a great deal about your travelling in Europe and this country, and read a book you sent me, and bought another I saw advertised, and you said a good deal there about justice and all this kind of thing. Now, I think you ought to pay me for that coat." (Laughter.) "How much is the coat worth?" "It cost me thirty-five dollars." Said I, "Your memory is good on that subject, after thirty years." "Well," he said, "I remember it." Said I, "Are you poor?" "Well, no; still I want justice done. And I think you ought to pay me a little interest on the coat." I told him I could not do anything of the kind. "Well," said he, "you seem to have been among people who talk a good deal about justice and Christianity, and you must pay me for that coat. If you don't I will meet you at the day of judgment and demand pay for the coat." I looked at him. He seemed very serious. He had got into one of his religious moods, and he preached me a short sermon, closing by demanding pay for the coat. "Well," said I, "I shall have to say to you what the Irishman said to the priest. A woman in Ireland lost a pig, and she found out after some days who stole it. So she went to the priest and told him about it. The priest sent for the man, and said to him: "Mrs. Malone says you have stolen her pig. Did you steal it?" "Faith, and your reverence, I did." "You must give it up." Now Pat had killed the pig and half devoured it. So he said, "Faith, and what if I don't return the pig?" "If you don't, you will have to answer for it in the day of judgment." What will you say, then? "And will Mrs. Malone be there?" "Yes." "And will I be there?" "Yes" "And will the pig be there?" "Yes." "Then I'll tell Mrs. Malone to take her pig." So I said to my old master, that if he was there, and I was there, and the coat was there, he might take his coat." (Laughter and applause.)

The meeting then adjourned untill the evening, after singing the Doxology.

(To be Continued.)

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WENDELL PHILLIPS is Special Editorial Contributor.

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FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THE Nineteenth Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at the usual place, near Waterloo, on Friday, the 31st day of May next, and will continue through the two following days.

Aiming, as this meeting does, at the substance rather than the name, or any outer form of religious life—at culture and character, the humanities, rather than any speculation or observance or dogmatic worship—it invites to its deliberations all who are like-minded in this regard, all the earnest, thoughtful, inquiring, all sincere well-wishers for the race.

Gifted speakers from abroad will be present. Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, GILES B. STEBBINS, CHARLES D. B. MILLS, GEO. W. TAYLOR, and others, are expected.

Communications for the meeting may be addressed to Phebe B. Dean, Waterloo, N. Y.

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STEPHEN SHEAR, WM. BARNES,
HENRY BONNEL, MARY DOTY,
HARRIET A. MILLS, ABRAM WEED,
Committee of Arrangements.

Waterloo, N. Y., April, 1867.

A PUBLIC MEETING OF No. 22 COUNCIL U. L. OF A in favor of Equal Suffrage, will be held this (Thursday) evening in their hall, No. 2 Fourth Av., at 7½ o'clock. Hon. Horace Greeley, E. D. Culver, John Jay, Jackson S. Schultz, George T. Downing, Wm. Wells Brown, Charles L. Remond, Sinclair Tousey, Esq., and others, are expected to be present and address the meeting. The exercises to be interspersed with music.

WM. P. POWELL, President.

JOHN H. JOHNSON, Secretary.

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Miscellaneous Department.

SEASONS.

O THE cheerful Budding-time!
When thorn hedges turn to green,
When new leaves of elm and lime
Cleave and shed their Winter screen;
Tender lambs are born and "ba,"
North wind finds no snow to bring,
Vigorous Nature laughs, "Ha, ha,"
In the Miracle of Spring.

O the gorgeous Blossom-days!
When broad flag flowers drink and blow,
In and out in summer blaze
Dragon-flies flash to and fro:
Ashen branches hand out keys,
Oaks put forth the rosy shoot,
Wandering herds wax sleek at ease,
Lovely blossoms end in fruit.

O the shouting Harvest weeks!
Mother earth grown fat with sheaves,
Thrifty gleaner finds who seeks:
Russet-golden pomp of leaves
Crowns the woods, to fall at length;
Bracing winds are felt to stir,
Ocean gathers up her strength,
Beasts renew their dwindled fur.

O the starving Winter-lapse!
Ice-bound, hunger-pinched, and dim:
Dormant roots recall their saps,
Empty nests show black and grim,
Short-lived sunshine gives no heat,
Undue buds are nipped by frost,
Snows set forth a winding sheet,
And all hope of life seems lost.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE ARKANSAW TRAVELLER.

WE publish the following, because the time has come when it should be read over. It has made you laugh before, and it will do it again:

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveller, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being or seeing a human habitation, came at last, by a sudden turn of the woodroad, to a miserable "shanty," the centre of a small clearing, in what had originally been a "black jacket thicket," whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as "The Arkansas," or "Rackensack Traveller." Our traveller rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed frame of a cart body, now covered with bear skins, and hung upon two big wooden hinges.

After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently wrathy at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of "The Arkansaw Traveller," which, in fact, he continues at sudden intervals, until, the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to a sudden conclusion. If this be not "seeking lodgings under difficulties," we should like to know what might be legitimately so considered:

Traveller—"Friend, can I obtain accommodations for the night with you?"

Arkansas Artist—"No, sir, 'nary' 'commodation."

Traveller—"My dear sir, I have travelled over thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse have had a mouthful to eat; why can't you accommodate me for the night?"

Arkansas Artist—"Jes't case it can't be did. We plum out of anything to eat in the house: Bill's gone to mill with the last nubbin of corn on these premises, and it'll be nigh onto the shank of tomorrow evenin, afore he cums home unless suthin oncommon happens."

Traveller—"You surely have something that I can feed my horse; even a few potatoes would be better than no food."

Arkansas Artist—"Stranger, our eatin roots gin out about a week ago; so your chance is slim thar."

Traveller—"But, my friend, I must remain with you, any way. I can't go any further, whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?"

Arkansas Artist—"'At can't be did, old hoss. You see, we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the ole woman allus occupies that; so whar's your chance?"

Traveller—"Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence corner."

Arkansas Artist—"Hitch your horse to that 'simmon tree? In a horn. Why, you must be a nat'ral fool, stranger! Don't you see that's me and the woman's only chance for 'simmon beer in the Fall of the year? If your hoss is so tarnal hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high up as he could reach afore mornin'. Hitch your hoss to that tree! I 'spect not; no, no, stranger, you can't come 'nary such a dodge as that."

Our traveller, seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined not-to-be "host" out a little before informing him of the fact that he, too, would once being known, he rightly conjectured would be a passport to his better graces:

Traveller—"Well, friend, if I can't stay, how far is it to the next house?"

Arkansas Artist—"Ten miles; and, you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, fore you git thar. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off; there's nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if yer bound to cross it, yer'll have to go about seven miles up stream, to old Dave Lody's puncheon bridge, through one of the dardest bamboo swamps you ever see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet; twas yesterday mornin'; though one end had started down stream about fifteen feet, or sich a matter."

Traveller—"Friend, you seem communicative; and if its no offense, I'd like to know what you do for a living here?"

Arkansas Artist—"No offense on earth, stranger. We keep a grocery."

Traveller—"A grocery! Where, in the name of all that is mercantile, do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant!"

Arkansas Artist—"The fact is, me and the old woman is the best customers yet; but we 'spect these diggins will improve, and in course business will improve too. How'sever, we do suthin now, even. Me and the old woman took the cart t'other day, went to town; we bort a bar'l of whiskey; and arter we come home and 'gin to count the balance on hand, we found thar wa'nt but jist one solitary pickayune left, an as the old woman allus carries the puss, in course she had it. Well, I sot the bar'l agin one side of the room, and shortly artur, the old woman sez: 'Spozen you tap your end of the bar'l,' and I did; and she bought a drink, and paid me the picayune. Pretty soon, I begun to get dry, and sez I; 'Ole woman, spozen you tap your end of the bar'l?—and she did; and then she sells me a drink; and the way that picayune travelled back'ards and for'ards over the bung of that bar'l is a caution to them as loves 'red eye.' But, stranger, losses is apt to come in every business; and me and the ole woman has lost some in the grocery line; and I'll tell you how 'twas. That boy Bill, our oldest son, he see how the licker was goin', and he didn't have nary red to jine in the retail bisness; so one nite he crawls under the house, and taps the bar'l atwixt the cracks in the puncheon floor; and I r'ally believe he's got more than me or the ole woman either; the good for nothin' vagabond, to come the giraff over his natural born parents; it's enuf to make a man sour agin all creation; that boy'll be the ruination of us yet. He takes to trickery jist as nateral as a hungry 'possum takes to a henroost. Now, stranger, what on yearth am I to do? He beats me and the ole woman entirely."

Traveller—"It would be difficult to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say it's ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge is carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles through a swamp to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just about down; still, my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing only one part of the 'Arkansas Traveller' ever since my arrival, I would like to know, before I leave, why you don't play the tune through."

Arkansas Artist—"For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I haint larnt the turn of that tchune, and drat me if I believe I ever shall."

Traveller—"Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the turn for you."

Arkansas Artist—"Look o' here, my friend, do you play the turn of that tchune?"

Traveller—"I believe I can."

Arkansis Artist—"Lite, lite, old hoss!—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (a 'hallo!' within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises), the stranger plays the turns of the 'Rackensack Traveller.' My friend, hitch your hoss to the 'Simmon tree, or any where else you please. Bi'll be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Old woman, you call Sal and Nance up from the spring; tell Nance to go into the spring house, and cut off a good large piece of barsteak, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sal to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doins and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before). Bill! O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corn-crib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suthing to sit on and skin a tater long with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and, Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no nubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and *then*, Bill, I reckon he'll play the turn of the Rackensack Traveller for us."—*Knickerbocker.*

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL WORK.

OF all hard daily workers the heart and lungs are the most persevering. From day to day, from youth to old age, they toil away with scarcely a moment's intermission, and, gentle and almost imperceptible as their labors appear, the amount they get through is something enormous. The heart is a most powerful pump, throwing out at every beat five or six ounces of blood. In twenty-four hours it pumps out in this way a quantity which is estimated at from fourteen to nineteen tons, and the force which it exerts in doing so would be sufficient to raise fourteen sacks of coal to the top of the Monument! The lungs, too, the bellows of the animal machine, although they do not do more than one-tenth of the work the heart accomplishes, contribute very materially to the total. Other kinds of work are also being done in the body, the amount of which we are not yet able to estimate.

Mental work, for instance, has been experimentally proved to be, in part, at least, actual physical labor, exhausting the powers of the body as effectually, though not to so great an extent, as the more mechanical forms of labor. The heat which a human being develops in a day varies exceedingly, and its amount has not been very accurately determined; but, for an adult in good health and upon a moderate diet, we cannot be far wrong in estimating it as equal to the raising of five gallons and a half of water from freezing point to boiling point. Now the quantity of work which a definite amount of heat is capable of doing, is perfectly well known. The heat that would raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit, would, if it were employed in doing work, as it is in a steam engine, raise one pound weight 772 feet—or, what is the same thing, 772 pounds one foot. Measured by this standard, we find that the heat which would raise five gallons and a half of ice-cold water to boiling point would be enough to lift 3,412 tons one foot high; or, to put the fact in another form, to hoist 170 sacks of coal to the top of the monument.

We can now classify, in a rude kind of manner, the chief varieties of work which are done in the body. It is not necessary for our present purpose to enumerate the less important kinds, and we therefore specify. 1. Heat work: This, we have seen, is the greatest in amount. It probably constitutes not less than four-fifths of the whole work of the body. 2. Internal work, including, as the chief items, the action of the heart and lungs. 3. External work: The actual mechanical labor, performed, for the most part, under the direction of the will. Some kinds of external work cannot well be estimated; but, on the whole, we are able to make a fair approximation to the total amount. 4. Mental work: As to the mechanical value of which we are still entirely in the dark, but which is probably inconsiderable in amount.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MISS LESLIE ON SLANG—"There is no wit," says the author of the Behaviour Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents,'—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy,'—and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since; but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies, who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence), and try to excite laughter and attract the attention of gentlemen, by talking slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers or vulgar books? Surely not from low companions? We have heard one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk,—also that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submitting to a thing unwillingly, she was 'brought to the scratch.' Sometimes she did things 'on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties she always had half-a-dozen gentlemen about her, their curiosity excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities; and one who boasted of always having lived in society.'"

THE FIVE FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.—This phrase is sometimes applied to certain projects or problems which modern science has pronounced to be altogether fantastic and illusory. They are usually said to be the following: the quadrature, or squaring, of the circle; the establishment of perpetual motion; the discovery of the philosopher's stone, of the grand catholicon or panacea, and of the alkahest or universal solvent. The first is an attempt to find a square that shall be exactly equal in area to a given circle. This is a very famous problem, which has tasked the brains of many mathematical scholars; but its solution is considered impossible. The second is an attempt to find a machine which shall contain within itself its own motive power, so that when once set in motion, it shall never stop, or at least not until worn out. This invention has been much sought after, but in the nature of things can never be accomplished. The other three "follies" were objects of eager quest among the old alchemists, who were professors of a pretended science, which led the way to modern chemistry. The leading principle was, that all the baser metals could be converted into gold and silver, provided they could only discover or produce by the processes of their art a certain mineral, called the philosopher's stone, to mix with these baser metals. Another object often pursued by them was the discovery of a universal medicine—variously called catholicon, panacea, and elixir vitæ—which had the property of healing all diseases, and of indefinitely prolonging human life. They also believed in the existence of a universal solvent, that is of a menstruum or fluid capable of dissolving all bodies whatsoever.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

IMPORTANT TO GARDENERS AND FARMERS.—A universal specific has lately been made for the destruction of insects and slugs, worms, and other garden, farm, and nursery parasitic pests, by George Jaques, Esq., of Boston, son of the late Col. Jaques, of Ten-hills Farm. From his knowledge of the habits of the canker-worm, gained from reading, observation and experience, he deems his specific, when seasonably and properly applied, an effectual remedy for this terrible apple-tree pest. The ingredients of his compound, or preparation, are indorsed and highly recommended by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, chemist; also by horticulturists whose testimonials he will soon give the public, with directions for application, which cannot fail to interest all concerned in plant-culture. It is claimed also that the nature of his specific, or tobacco-soap, is such that it must supersede everything of the kind, on account of its efficient agency, its cheapness, and its harmless effects upon plants, while fatal to vermin infestations.

David Haggerston, formerly of Watertown, and late of Milton, Mass., the discoverer of the application of whale-oil soap for the destruction of the rose-slug and other plant vermin, and who took a prize therefor in 1841, offered by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, remarked to Mr. Jaques concerning his new specific, that it must prove greatly superior to whale-oil soap for the destruction of insects and parasites which trouble gardeners. Hence Mr. Haggerston's indorsement of Mr. Jaques's discovery. Should this preparation prove what is now claimed for it, every horticulturist, agriculturist and nurseryman will regard Mr. Jaques as one of their greatest benefactors.

This discovery was patented October 2, 1866.

INGENUITY OF THE HORSE AND THE HEN.

WE are no further responsible for the following paragraphs than in transferring them from exchange journals to our own. The hen beats the horse, though both are "right smart."

A FRIENDLY HORSE.—A few days since, as we were leaving our residence on our usual morning visit to the office, a sorrel horse belonging to us galloped up and caught our arm, and made an attempt to pull us in the direction he wished to go. He then left, and went off at a quick gait toward a pasture on a farm about a quarter of a mile distant from our residence. In a few minutes he approached us again, making an unusual noise, and seemed by his actions to desire us to follow him. This we did, and when we reached the pasture, we observed the mate of the horse entangled in a bridge, which had broken through with him. After we had extricated his companion from his dangerous position, the horse which had given us notice of his companion's danger, came up and rubbed his head against us, showing great signs of satisfaction.—*Christian Advocate.*

AN INTELLIGENT HEN.—The Washington (Ga.) *Gazette* has the following:

DANBURY, March 28.

Mr. Editor: I warrant that I have got the most intelligent and peculiar fowl either in Wilkes or Lincoln counties. She is quite a large-sized hen, between the common dunghill fowl and the Shanghai. My little daughter can take the hen upon her knees and pat her on the back and say, "Sing, Betsy" (for that is her name), and she will begin to sing as requested. She will then say, "Sing loud, Betsy," and she will then sing at the very top of her voice, which is very loud; for she has an excellent pair of lungs. She will say, "Sing soft, Betsy," and she will change from the loud tone to a very soft one. And to cap the climax in the way of obeying and pleasing the children, my little niece put Betsy in a chair the other day, and began to pat her on the back, saying at the same time, "Lay me an egg, Betsy." Betsy sang a very short, soft song, and then stood up in the chair, and to the great delight of the children, there lay in the chair an egg. She will follow my wife all over the house, yard, and garden, just like a pet dog, and will sing or not, as she is directed to do.

JAS. W. BARKSDALE.

PERSIAN EPIGRAMS.

HE who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare.
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

On two days it steads not to run from thy grave,
The appointed and the unappointed day;
On the first, neither balm nor physician can save,
Nor thee, on the second, the Universe slay.

Two things thou shalt not long for, if thou love a mind serene;
A woman to thy wife, though she were a crowned queen;
And the second, borrowed money—though the smiling lender say,
That he will not demand the debt until the Judgment Day.

—*Emerson's "May Day."*

REWARDS OF VALOR.—"The King of Prussia has distributed the one million and a half thalers placed at his disposal for the heroes of the war. Count Bismarck has received 400,000 thalers; Gen. Roon, the Minister of War, 300,000 thalers; and Gens. Moltke, Steinmetz, Vogel and Herwarth, each 200,000. In letters accompanying the gift, the King is said to have requested the recipients to invest it in estates.

"As a fresh improvement upon the prevailing system of decorations, a large number of ladies who distinguished themselves in nursing and providing for the sick and wounded during the war were, on the King's birthday (March 22), presented with the Order of Queen Louise. This is the first time that such a mark of distinction, hitherto confined to the Court ladies, has been benignantly conferred upon the public generally."

Our government might take a lesson from Prussia in the matter of distinguishing, by some appropriate mark, the ladies who have rendered conspicuous service in hospitals, and in efforts to procure sanitary supplies. They deserve them quite as much, and would very often indicate a courage every way equal to that displayed by the most daring soldiers in the field.

WITCH HAZEL.—Mr. Spencer of Owen county, this State, writes as follows to the Agricultural Club of New York. We will believe it, to accomodate Mr. Spencer, but there is more witchery in the hazel eyes of a pretty woman than in all the "underbrush" that ever grew:

"I discovered a spring on my farm some little distance from a creek, and found its underground course to the creek. Having sent for a man who had a reputation for finding water, I blindfolded him and led him back and forth over the course of the spring with a witch hazel rod in his hand which I had loaded with beeswax. He discovered nothing. Then, under pretence of examining the rod, I gave him one that was not loaded, and every time I led him across the water course he said, here is water. I then took off the blindfold and he traced the whole water course as I had determined it before. I took the rod in my own hands without any effect. Then he walked beside me, keeping his thumbs on the rod, and at every crossing of the stream I felt the working."

A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING lady, with a little child, arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, and stopped at one of the first class hotels. She sat down by the side of another lady at the table, and was recognized as a lady of color. Lady No. 2 was highly indignant, and reported lady No. 1 to the proprietor of the hotel, who informed the latter that she must leave. It was in vain that she offered to pay her bills, and comply strictly with the rules of the house; it would not do to have a "nigger" lady boarder, and she was turned off. Here is the sequel: Both ladies were known to another person in the house, who said that No. 1 was the half sister of No. 2, and thought Mrs. —— ought not to be so hard upon her sister. The ladies are married, we understand, and both consider themselves highly respectable. They were born on the same plantation, had the same father, but one had a white mother, while the mother of the other was unfortunately yellow.

BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.—Men and women make their own beauty, or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be:" and, if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking, or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty, which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists.

ROGERS, whose statuette groups have delighted so many people, is now at work upon a group called "The Examination," representing the visit of a good-natured old school committee man to a district school—Bradford's "Crushed by Icebergs" is shortly to be sent to Europe for the purpose of being copied in chromo-lithograph. The death is announced of the celebrated German painter, Peter von Cornelius, at the age of 85. He was a native of the town of Dusseldorf, and it was by his exertions mainly that the association of artists now so widely known as the Dusseldorf School, was organized. Among the members of the English Royal Academy there are but three landscape painters.

GREAT alarm exists in the War Office at Vienna in consequence of the mysterious disappearance from its archives of a set of valuable military maps of Wallachia. These maps, one hundred and twenty in number, were prepared by the officers of the scientific department during the Austrian occupation of the Danubian Principalities in 1854, at a cost of two hundred thousand florins. An inquiry into the matter has been ordered.

BASSOMPIERRE, French Ambassador to Spain, was telling Henri Quatre how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the smallest mule in the world." "Ah," said Henri, "what an amusing sight—the biggest ass on the smallest mule!" "I was your Majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

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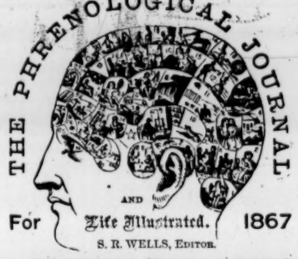

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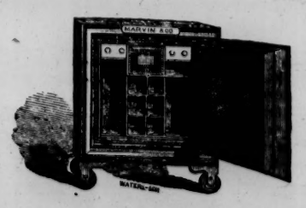
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